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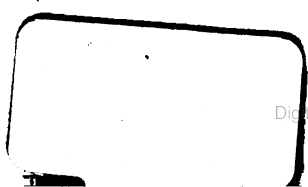


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Ballads of Valor and Victory



Clinton Scollard
Wallace Rice



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May 26-1904-

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(Scotland)

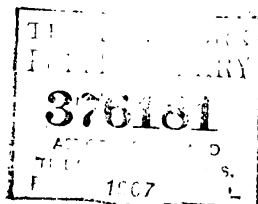
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BALLADS *of* VALOR
and VICTORY *being*
Stories *in* Song *from the*
Annals *of* America *by*
CLINTON SCOLLARD *and*
WALLACE RICE : : : : :



New York *Chicago* *Toronto*
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TO
ELIZABETH SCOLLARD
JOHN ANGIER RICE
BENJAMIN WILLIS RICE
AMERICANS IN THE TENTH GENERATION

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BALLADS *of* VALOR
and VICTORY

Mother-Land

O young and mighty Mother-Land,
Set, sovereign-wise, 'twixt sea and sea,
Before men's eyes I view thee stand,
The home and hope of liberty!

Was it not here that Freedom woke,—
She that was shackled fast so long,—
Her ancient chains of bondage broke,
And sang anew her morning song?

Not in such fierce and fateful guise
As by the sad, ensanguined Seine,
With severance of human ties
In awful holocausts of slain;

But with an equipoise austere
No rabble outcry could dethrone,
Proclaiming, like a solemn seer,
That man at last should have his own.

Yet ah, the travail that was seen,
The snares about the pathway set,
From Lexington's immortal green
To Yorktown's bloody parapet!

The dismal labyrinths of doubt,
And treason, with its shameful gorge;
The shadow of retreat and rout,
And the long night of Valley Forge!

Mother-Land

O Mother-Land, what sons were thine,
And ours what self-forgetful sires!
They poured their precious blood like wine
Before thy sacred altar-fires!

They sleep their long and dreamless sleep,
Northward by cruel Lundy's Lane,
South where Chapultepec's grim steep
Frowns upon MONTEZUMA's plain.

Their dust upon the wind is blown
Where Lookout Mountain seeks the stars;
Their bones beneath the grass are strown
Where Gettysburg lies gashed with scars.

Whether they wore the grey or blue,
O Mother-Land, what matters now?
Each fought for what he thought was true,
So laurel every fallen brow!

And laurel every dauntless one
Who marched on death with level eyes
Beneath the scorching Cuban sun,—
The Philippines' un pitying skies!

Nor spare the woven immortelles
For many and many a gallant soul
Who rests in the unfathomed dells
O'er which the long blue combers roll;—

The sailor lads who faced the foe
In the old valorous viking vein,
From those who fell off Flamborough
Down to the last hale hero slain!

Mother-Land

We who enjoy such heritage,
Lo, what a strenuous task is ours!—
To meet the swiftly broadening age
With keen and undiminished powers;

To guard lest Mammon's vulturous lust
Prove both to be our bane and ban;
To keep our fathers' simple trust
In something godlier than man;

To hold with rapt remembrancing
The memory of glories gone,
Yet, like the firstling flowers of spring,
To set our faces toward the dawn!

If but thy sons unswerving stand,
Of heroes dead the worthy peers,
Then shalt thou march, O Mother-Land,
Triumphant through the crowding years!

The First American Sailors

*Five fearless knights of the first renown
In ELIZABETH'S great array,
From Plymouth in Devon sailed up and down—
American sailors they;
Who went to the West,
For they all knew best
Where the silver was grey
As a moonlit night,
And the gold as bright
As a midsummer day—
A-sailing away
Through the salt sea spray,
The first American sailors.*

Sir HUMPHREY GILBERT, he was ONE
And Devon was heaven to him,
He loved the sea as he loved the sun
And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
Hated him up to the brim!
In Holland the Spanish hide he tanned,
He roughed and routed their braggart band,
And GOD was with him on sea as land;
Newfoundland knew him, and all that coast,
For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
From near the Equator away to the Pole;
While the billows beat and the oceans roll
On the Three Americas.

The First American Sailors

Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, and he was TWO
 And Devon was heaven to him,
He loved in his heart the waters blue
 And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
 Hated him up to the brim!
At Cadiz he singed the King's black beard,
The Armada met him and fled afeared,
Great Philip's golden fleece he sheared;
 Oregon knew him, and all that coast,
 For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
 From California away to the Pole;
 While the billows beat and the oceans roll
 On the Three Americas.

Sir WALTER RALEIGH, he was THREE
 And Devon was heaven to him,
There was nothing he loved so well as the sea—
 He hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
 Hated him up to the brim!
He settled full many a Spanish score,
Full many's the banner his bullets tore
On English, American, Spanish shore;
 Guiana knew him, and all that coast,
 For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
 From Guiana northward to the Pole;
 While the billows beat and the oceans roll
 On the Three Americas.

The First American Sailors

Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE, he was FOUR
 And Devon was heaven to him,
He loved the waves and their windy roar
 And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
 Hated him up to the brim!
He whipped him on land and mocked him at sea,
He laughed to scorn his sovereignty,
And with the *Revenge* beat his fifty-three;
 Virginia knew him, and all that coast,
 For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
 From the Old Dominion away to the Pole;
 While the billows beat and the oceans roll
 On the Three Americas.

And Sir JOHN HAWKINS, he was FIVE
 And Devon was heaven to him,
He worshipped the water while he was alive
 And hated the Don as the Devil's limb—
 Hated him up to the brim!
He chased him over the Spanish Main,
He scoffed and defied the navies of Spain—
His cities he ravished again and again;
 The Gulf it knew him, and all that coast,
 For he was one of America's host—
And now there is nothing but English speech
For leagues and leagues, and reach on reach,
 From the Rio Grandè away to the Pole;
 While the billows beat and the oceans roll
 On the Three Americas.

The First American Sailors

*Five fearless knights have filled gallant graves
This many and many a day,
Some under the willows, some under the waves—
American sailors they;
And still in the West
Is their valor blest,
Where a banner bright
With the ocean's blue
And the red wrack's hue
And the spoondruff's white
Is smiling to-day
Through the salt sea spray
Upon American sailors.*

Richard Hakluyt's Men

Here sighs the breath of the sea,
And here sounds the boom of the wave,
The crash of the surf on the beach,
Through time everlastingly;
And here, through the elements' reach,
The lightning, the storm, and the spume,
Comes the cry of the sailors who gave
Their bones to the surges to bleach,
Their souls to a billowy doom.

What of grey dangers afar
In spaces uncharted, untrod?
What though the heav'ns are a-change,
And engulfed is the Cynosure-star?
What though the sun has grown strange,
And the deep has been made molten brass?
At their peak flies the Cross of their God
And, wherever their rudders may range,
'T is His Voice in the tempests that pass.

Never rolled breaker so high,
Their spirit rose not with its swell;
Never roared thunder so loud,
Their shouting fell short of the sky;
Never was mortal so proud,
They brought not his pride to despair:
How they dared, how they fought, how they fell;
And the Lords of the Earth, how they bowed
To these Lords of the Sea and the Air!

Richard Hakluyt's Men

Here, from the page of a priest,
The friend of these seamen of old,
May be heard the reverberant cheer
That the centuries have but increased
Till it comes like a blast to the ear.—
Rest they well, these invincible dead,
Ships' captains and companies bold,
For the ocean itself is their bier,
And the continents stones at their head.

The First Thanksgiving

It was Captain PIERCE of the *Lion* who strode the streets of
London,

Who stalked the streets in the blear of morn and growled in
his grisly beard;

*By Neptune! quoth this grim sea-dog, I fear that my master's
undone!*

*'T is a bitter thing if all for naught through the drench of the
deep I've steered!*

He had come from out of the ultimate West through the spin-
ning drift and the smother,

Come for a guerdon of golden grain for a hungry land afar;
And he thought of many a wasting maid, and of many a sad-
eyed mother,

And how their gaze would turn and turn for a sail at the
harbor bar.

But famine lay on the English isle, and grain was a hoarded
treasure,

So ruddy the coin must gleam to loose the lock of the store-
house door;

And under his breath the Captain groaned because of his
meagre measure,

And the grasping souls of those that held the keys to the
precious store.

But he flung a laugh and a fleer at doubt, and braving the
roaring city

He faced them out—those moiling men whose greed had
grown to a curse—

The First Thanksgiving

Till at last he found in the strenuous press a heart that was
moved to pity,

And he gave the Governor's bond and word for what he
lacked in his purse.

So the *Lion* put her prow to the West in the wild and windy
weather,

Her sails all set, though her decks were wet with the driving
scud and the foam;

Never an hour would the Captain hold his staunch little craft
in tether,

For the haunting thought of hungry eyes was the lure that
called him home.

Sooth, in the streets of Boston-town was the heavy sound of
sorrow,

For an iron frost had bound the wold, and the sky hung
bleak and dread;

Despair sat dark on the face of him who dared to think of the
morrow,

When not a crust could the goodwife give if the children
moaned for bread.

But hark, from the wintry waterside a loud and lusty cheering,
That sweeps the sullen streets of the town as a wave the
level strand!

A sail! a sail! upswelled the cry, speeding the vessel steering
Out of the vast of the misty sea in to the waiting land.

Turn the dimming page of the past that the dust of the years
is dry on,

And see the tears in the eyes of Joy as the ship draws in to
the shore,

The First Thanksgiving

And see the genial glow on the face of Captain PIERCE of the
Lion,

As the Governor grips his faithful hand and blesses him o'er
and o'er!

Oh, the rapture of that release! Feasting instead of fasting!
Happiness in the heart of the home, and hope with its silver
ray!

Oh, the songs of prayer and praise to the LORD GOD ever-
lasting

That mounted morn and noon and eve on that first Thanks-
giving Day!

The White November

It was the white November,
And the snow lay deep on the fen,
On the Singing Rill and the Gloomie Hill,
And all of the ways of men.

It was the white November;
God shield from the like, we pray!
For the rooks shrieked by through the midnight sky,
And the horned owl called by day.

Then up spake Goodman GREENOUGH,
O grim and grum spake he!
*'T is a witch's spite, this smother of white,
Where the brown loam still should be!*

And all of the stern-eyed elders,
They answered him as one:
*There is godly work, though the night be murk,
That must by our hands be done!*

Then the voice of Goodman GREENOUGH,
It shrilled to a piercing pitch:
*From out the nest where her soft limbs rest
This night we will hale the witch!*

*For we wot the one accursed
Who hath wrought this frozen fear
Is the pale wife-child of Woodman WILDE
That he married yester-year.*

The White November

*For rumor hath run on rumor
(And, I ween, she does not reckon)
That beast and bird, winged thing and furred,
Will come at her lightest beck.*

*She goes abroad at the gloaming
To the stricken pine by the shore;
But the House of Prayer (may the good GOD spare!)
It seeth her face no more.*

*Out on her! screamed the elders,
And they all rose up as one;
Then again they cried through the chill night-tide,
There is godly work to be done!*

*They got them into the smother
Where the drifts were swirled and piled,
And they plunged in haste o'er the wildering waste
Toward the cot of Woodman WILDE.*

*They thundered at the portal,
To find, when in they pressed,
Stout Woodman WILDE and his pale wife-child
With a baby at her breast.*

*Then no lip brake the silence
Till the Woodman spake them low,—
Ye have come, I see, to joy with me
This birth-night through the snow.*

*I give ye thanks, O Goodmen,
(Each word was a stabbing thorn!)
That ye could not bide to share my pride
Until Thanksgiving morn.*

The White November

To-night is our Thanksgiving!

(How the mother beamed on her son!)—
Then the elders came, to hide their shame,
And they gave him their hands as one.

It was the white November,
And the moon peered out and smiled
From the parted wrack as they got them back
From the cot of Woodman WILDE.

The Sudbury Fight

(April 21, 1676)

TO GEORGINA RICE

Ye sons of Massachusetts, all who love that honored name,
Ye children of New England, holding dear your fathers' fame,
Hear tell of Sudbury's battle through a day of death and flame!

The painted Wampanoags, PHILIP's hateful warriors, creep
Upon the town at springtide while the skies deny us rain;
We see their shadows lurking in the forest's whispering deep,
And speed the sorry tidings past dry field and rustling lane:
*Come hastily or never when the wild beast lusts for gore,
And send your best and bravest if you wish to see us more!*

The Commonwealth is quiet now, and peace her measure fills,
Content in homes and farmsteads, busy marts and buzzing
mills
From the Atlantic's roaring to the tranquil Berkshire hills.

But through that day our fathers, speaking low their breathless
words,
Their wives and babes in safety, toil to save their little all;
They fetch their slender food-stores, drive indoors their scanty
herds,
They clean the bell-mouthed musket, melt the lead and
mould the ball;
Please GOD they 'll keep their battle till their countrymen shall
haste
With succor from the eastward, iron-hearted, flinty-faced.

The Sudbury Fight

A hundred dragging twelvemonths ere the welcome joy-bells
ring

The dawn of Independence did King PHILIP'S devils spring
Through April on the little spot, like wolves a-ravening.

The morning lifts in fury as they come with torch in hand,
And howl about the houses in the shrunken frontier town;
Our garrisons hold steady while the flames by breezes fanned
Disclose the painted demons, fierce and cunning, lithe and
brown;

At every loophole firing, women close at hand to load,
The children bringing bullets, thus the Sudbury men abode.

By night, through generations, have the eager children come
Beside their grandsire's settle, listening to the droning hum
Of this old tale, with backward glances, open-mouthed and
dumb.

The burning hours stretch slowly—then a welcome sight ap-
pears!

Along the tawny upland where stout HAYNES keeps faithful
guard
From Watertown speeds MASON, young in everything but
years;

Our men rush down to meet him; then, together, swift and
hard,
They force the Indians backward to the Musketaquid's side,
And slaying, ever slaying, drive them o'er the reddened tide.

There stand stout HAYNES and MASON by the bridge upon the
flood;

In vain the braves attack them, thick as saplings in the wood:
Praise GOD for men so valiant, who have such a foe withstood!

The Sudbury Fight

But Green Hill looks with anguish down upon the painted
horde

 Their stealthy ambush keeping as the Concord men draw
 near,

To dart with hideous noises as they reach the lower ford,

 A thousand 'gainst a dozen; but their every life costs dear
As, sinking 'neath such numbers, one by one our neighbors
 fail:

One sole survivor in his blood brings on the dreadful tale.

Through sun and evening shadow, through the night till weary
morn,

Speeds WADSWORTH with his soldiers, forth from Boston, spent
and worn,

And BROCKLEBANK at Marlboro' joins that little hope forlorn.

They hear the muskets snap afar, they hear the savage whoop—

 All weariness forgotten, on they hasten in relief;

They see the braves before them—with a cheer the little group

 Bends down and charges forward; from above the cunning
 Chief,

His wild-cat eyes dilating, sees his bushes bloom with fire,

The tree-trunks at his bidding blaze with fiendish lust and ire.

A thousand warriors lurk there, and a thousand warriors shout,
Exulting, aiming, flaming, happy in our coming rout;

But WADSWORTH never pauses, every musket ringing out.

He gains the lifting hillside, and his sixscore win their way

 Defiant through the coppice till upon the summit placed;

With every bullet counting, there they load and aim and slay,

 Against all comers warring, iron-hearted, flinty-faced;

The Sudbury Fight

Hold PHILIP as for scorning, drive him down the bloodstained
slope,
And stand there, firm and dauntless, steadfast in their faith
and hope.

With MASON at the river, WADSWORTH staunch upon the
hill,
The certain reinforcements, and black night the foe to chill,
An hour or less and hideous Death might have been baffled
still.

But in that drougthy woodland PHILIP fires the leaves and
grass:

The flames dance up the hillside, in their rear less savage
foes.

No courage can avail us, down the slope the English pass—

A day in flame beginning lights with hell its awful close,
As swifter, louder, fiercer, o'er the crest the reek runs past
And headlong hurls bold WADSWORTH, conquered by the
cruel blast.

Ye men of Massachusetts, weep the awful slaughter there!
The panther heart of PHILIP drives the English to despair,
As scaling-knife and tomahawk gleam in th' affrighted glare.

There WADSWORTH yields his spirit, BROCKLEBANK must
meet his doom;

Within the stone mill's shelter fights the remnant of their
force;

When swift upon the foemen, rushing through the gathering
gloom,

Cheer CROWELL's men from Brookfield, gallant PRENTICE
with his horse!

The Sudbury Fight

And MASON from the river, and HAYNES join in the fight,
Till PHILIP'S host is routed, hurled on shrieking through the
night.

Defeated, cursing, weeping, flees King PHILIP to his den,
Our speedy vengeance gluttoned on the flower of his men;
In pomp and pride the Wampanoags ne'er shall march again.

We mourn our stricken Captains, but not vainly did they fall:
The King of Pocanoket has received their stern command;
Their lives were laid down gladly at their country's trumpet-
call,

And on their savage foemen have they set the heavier hand;
Against our day-long valor was the red man's fortune spent
And that one day at Sudbury has saved a continent.

In graves adown the hemisphere, in graves across the seas,
The sons of Massachusetts sleep, as here beneath her trees,
Nor BROCKLEBANK nor WADSWORTH is the first or last of these.

Oh, blue hills of New England, slanting to the morning beams
Where suns and clouds of April have their balmy power
sped;

Oh, greening woods and meadows, pleasant ponds and bab-
bling streams,

And clematis soft-blooming where War once his banners led;
How hungers many an exile for that homeland far away,
And all the happy dreaming of a bygone April day!

Wherever speaks New England, wheresoever spreads her
shade,

We praise our fathers' valor, and our fathers' prayer is said,
That, fearing GOD'S Wrath only, firm may stand the State
they made.

King Philip's Last Stand

(August 12, 1676)

'T was Captain CHURCH, bescarred and brown,
And armèd cap-a-pie,
Came ambling into Plymouth-town;
And from far riding up and down
A weary man was he.

Now, where is my good wife? he quoth
Before the goodmen all;
And they replied, *What of thine oath?*
And he looked on them lorn and loath,
As he were like to fall.

What of thine oath? to him they cried,
And wilt thou let him slip
Who harrieth fair New England-side
Till every path is slaughter-dyed,—
The murderous King PHILIP!

His cheek went flush, and swelled his girth;
Upon him be GOD's ban!
His voice ran loud in grisly mirth:
Now, who with me will run to earth
This bloody Indian?

Then *I!* and *I!* the lusty peal
Made thrill the Plymouth air;
And forth with him for woe or weal,
Their hands agrip on musket-steel,
Hied many a godly pair.

King Philip's Last Stand

They sped them through the summer-land
By ferry and by ford,
Until they saw before them stand
A redman of that cursèd band,
His features ochre-scored.

*Would the pale-faces find, he said,
Where lurks their fiercest foe?
Now, by the spirit of the dead,—
My brother, whose heart's blood he shed,—
Follow, and they shall know!*

This Indian brave, they followed him;
In caution crawled and crept;
Till in a marish deep and dim
They came to where the Sachem grim
In leafy hiding slept.

(The quiet August morn 's at bud,
King PHILIP, woe 's the day!
And woe that one of thine own blood,
Now that ill-fortune roars to flood,
Should be the man to slay!)

Around him spread a girdling line;
The fatal snare was laid;
And when down aisles of birch and pine
They saw the first slant sunrays shine,
They sprang their ambushade.

King Philip's Last Stand

And did he slink, or did he shrink
From that relentless ring?
Nay, not a coward did he sink,
But leaped across Death's darkling brink
A savage, yet a king!

Then unto him whose bolt of lead
Had struck King PHILIP down,
They gave the Sachem's hand and head;
Then back they marched, with triumph tread,
To joyful Plymouth-town.

On PHILIP's name a bloody blot
The white man's writ has thrown,—
The ruthless raid, the inhuman plot;
*And yet what one of us would not
Do battle for his own!*

The Havannah Taken

(June 6–August 14, 1762)

The Havannah hol the Havannah hol
King GEORGE of England cries,
Who fights for me, now Spain with France
Is joined in great emprise?

Stout ALBEMARLE have I sent out,
Sailing from Portsmouth Town,
And close by the walls of Morro Castle
He steadfastly sits down.

Come, you who on the yesterday
Gave the Canadas to me,
Come forth to-day, and gain the Havannah
Over the foamy sea!

Now, I who fought for you with France,
Says ISRAEL PUTNAM bold,
Will fight as yesterday at Quebec
Against proud Spain's stronghold;

And we who lopped that Lily of France
Will pluck this Flower of Spain!
And thereupon this bold PUTNAM
Goes sailing the foamy main.

The Havannah hol the Havannah hol
He sails until he hears
From all the shore about Morro Castle
ALBEMARLE's mighty cheers.

The Havannah Taken

What lies beleaguered in the town
Will neither do nor dare;
Stout ALBEMARLE has hard and fast
The snarling Spaniard there.

*Come now, says ISRAEL PUTNAM bold,
Wolves have I caught before;
Give me a sword, give me a pistol,
And I will catch one more.*

Stout ALBEMARLE gives him a pistol,
A sword in hand also;
And side by side the stout and bold
At the Wolf of Spain they go.

They fight him in, they fight him out,
They clip each fang and claw;
From Monday noon till Saturday's moon
That wicked beast they draw.

*Hold hard! hold hard! cries the snarling Spaniard,
Though two to one we be,
Here is my flag, here is my sword,
And here my treasury.*

Stout ALBEMARLE he takes the sword,
The treasure, too, he takes;
Its station high above the Havannah
Spain's once proud flag forsakes.

Loud mourns King CHARLES this frosty fate,
Loud mourns LEWIS of France,
The Canadas—the Havannah—gone!
They join in a doleful dance.

The Havannah Taken

Bold PUTNAM and stout ALBEMARLE,
What measures fair they tread!—
Quebec and Morro Castle lost
Leave foes full ill bestead.

King GEORGE of England long laughs he
As PUTNAM's hand he takes,
He laughs at France, laughs loud at Spain
As ALBEMARLE's he shakes.

So always shall the enemy
Bend low his boastful pride,
When ALBEMARLE and PUTNAM, too,
Go fighting side by side.

Ten thousand year let it be clear,
Ten thousand year and a day,
Ere those who take the Havannah
Bear them another way!

The Cheer of Those Who Speak English

The playground is heavy with silence,
The match is almost done,
The boys in the lengthening shadows
Work hard for one more run—
It comes; and the field is a-twinkle
With happy arms in air,
While over the ground
Rolls the masterful sound
Of victory revelling there:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Three cheers, and a tiger, too,
For the match we have won
And each sturdy son
Who carried the victory through!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
With clear voices uptossed
For the side that has lost,
And one cheer more
For those winning before
And all who shall ever win:
The cry that our boys send in—
The cheer of the boys who speak English!

The ships-of-the-line beat to quarters,
The drum and bugle sound,
The lanterns of battle are lighted,
Cast off! Provide! goes round;

The Cheer of Those Who Speak English

But ere the shrill order is given
For broadsides hot with hate,
Far over the sea
Rings hearty and free
Defiance to every fate:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Three cheers, and a tiger, too,
For the fight to be won
And each sturdy son
Who 'll carry the victory through!

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
With the shout of the fleet
For foes doomed to defeat,
And one cheer more
For those winning before,
And all who shall win again:
This is the cry of the men—
The cheer of the men who speak English!

The blare of the battle is over;
The Flag we love flies on;
The sailors in sorrowful quiet
Look down on comrades gone;
The tremulous prayers are ended;
The sea obtains its dead;—
Or ever the wave
Ripples over their grave,
One staunch good-bye is said:
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

The Cheer of Those Who Speak English

Three cheers, and a tiger, too,
For the men who have won,
For each sturdy son
Who gave up his life to be true!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
With the shout of the host
For the brothers we've lost,
And one cheer more
For those falling before
And those who have yet to fall:
This is the cry of us all—
The cheer of the folk who speak English!

The Minute Men of Northboro'

(April 19, 1775)

'T is noonday by the buttonwood, with slender-shadowed bud;
'T is April by the Assabet, whose banks scarce hold his flood;
When down the road from Marlboro' we hear a sound of
speed—

A cracking whip and clanking hoofs—a case of crying need!
And there a dusty rider hastes to tell of flowing blood,
Of troops a-field, of war abroad, and many a desperate deed.

The Minute Men of Northboro' were gathering that day
To hear the Parson talk of GOD, of Freedom and the State;
They throng about the horseman, drinking in all he should say,
Beside the perfumed lilacs blooming by the Parson's gate:

*The British march from Boston through the night to Lexington;
REVERE alarms the countryside to meet them ere the sun;
Upon the common, in the dawn, the redcoat butchers slay;
On Concord march, and there again pursue their murderous
way;*

*We drive them back; we follow on; they have begun to run:
All Middlesex and Worcester's up: Pray GOD, ours is the
day!*

The Minute Men of Northboro' let rust the standing plough,
The seed may wait, the fertile ground upsmiling to the
spring.

They seize their guns and powder-horns; there is no halting
now,

At thought of homes made fatherless by order of the King.

The Minute Men of Northboro'

The pewter-ware is melted into bullets—long past due,
The flints are picked, the powder's dry, the rifles shine like
new.

Within their Captain's yard enranked they hear the Parson's
prayer

Unto the GOD of armies for the battles they must share;
He asks that to their Fathers and their Altars they be true,
For Country and for Liberty unswervingly to dare.

The Minute Men of Northboro' set out with drum and fife;
With shining eyes they 've blest their babes and bid their
wives good-bye,
The hands that here release the plough have taken up a strife
That shall not end until all earth has heard the battle-cry.

At every town new streams of men join in the mighty flow;
At every cross-road comes the message of a fleeing foe:
The British force, though trebled, fails against the advancing
tide.

Our rifles speak from fence and tree—in front, on every
side.

The British fall: the Minute Men have mixed with bitterest
woe

Their late vainglorious vaunting and their military pride.

The Minute Men of Northboro' they boast no martial air;
No uniforms gleam in the sun where on and on they plod;
But generations yet unborn their valor shall declare;
They strike for Massachusetts Bay; they serve New Eng-
land's GOD.

The Minute Men of Northboro'

The hirelings who would make us slaves themselves are backward hurled,

On Worcester and on Middlesex their flag's for ever furled.

Theirs was the glinting pomp of war; ours is the victor's prize:

That day of bourgeoning has seen a race of freemen rise;

A Nation born in fearlessness stands forth before the world,

With God her shield, the Right her sword, and Freedom in her eyes.

The Minute Men of Northboro' sit down by Boston-town;

They fight and bleed at Bunker Hill; they cheer for WASHINGTON.

In thankfulness they speed their bolt against the British Crown;

And take the plough again in peace, their warrior's duty done.

On the Eve of Bunker Hill

(June 16, 1775)

'T was June on the face of the earth, June with the rose's
breath,
When life is a glad some thing, and a distant dream is death;
There was gossip of birds in the air, and the lowing of herds
by the wood,
And a sunset gleam in the sky that the heart of a man holds
good;
Then the nun-like Twilight came, violet-vestured and still,
And the night's first star outshone afar on the eve of Bunker
Hill.

There rang a cry through the camp, with its word upon rousing
word;
There was never a faltering foot in the ranks of those that
heard;—
Lads from the Hampshire hills and the rich Connecticut vales,
Sons of the old Bay Colony, from its shores and its inland
dales;
Swiftly they fell in line; no fear could their valor chill;
Ah, brave the show as they ranged a-row on the eve of Bunker
Hill!

Then a deep voice lifted a prayer to the GOD of the brave and
the true,
And the heads of the men were bare in the gathering dusk and
dew;
The heads of a thousand men were bowed as the pleading
rose,—

On the Eve of Bunker Hill

*Smile Thou, LORD, as of old Thou smolest Thy people's foes!
Oh, nerve Thy servants' arms to work with a mighty will!
A hush, and then a loud Amen! on the eve of Bunker Hill!*

Now they are gone through the night with never a thought
of fame,
Gone to the field of a fight that shall win them a deathless
name;
Some shall never again behold the set of the sun,
But lie like the Concord slain, and the slain of Lexington,
Martyrs to FREEDOM's cause. Ah, how at their deeds we
thrill,
The men whose might made strong the height on the eve of
Bunker Hill!

Montgomery at Quebec

(December 31, 1775)

Round Quebec's embattled walls
Moodily the patriots lay;
Dread disease within its thralls
Drew them closer day by day;
Till from suffering man to man,
Mutinous, a murmur ran.

Footsore, they had wandered far;
They had fasted, they had bled;
They had slept beneath the star
With no pillow for the head;
Was it but to freeze to stone
In this cruel icy zone?

Yet their leader held his heart,
Naught discouraged, naught dismayed;
Quelled with unobtrusive art
Those that muttered; unafraid
Waited, watchful, for the hour
When his golden chance should flower.

'T was the deathtide of the year;
Night had passed its murky noon;
Through the bitter atmosphere
Pierced nor ray of star nor noon;
But upon the bleak earth beat
Blinding arrows of the sleet.

While the trumpets of the storm
Pealed the bastioned heights around,

Montgomery at Quebec

Did the dauntless heroes form,
Did the low sharp order sound.
Be our watchword Liberty!
Cried the brave MONTGOMERY.

Here where he had won applause
When WOLFE faced the Gallic foe,
For a grander, nobler cause
Would he strike the fearless blow,—
Smite at Wrong upon the throne,
At Injustice giant grown.

Flashed a sudden blinding glare;
Roared a fearsome battle-peal;
Rang the gloomy vasts of air;
Seemed the earth to rock and reel;
While adown that fiery breath
Rode the hurtling bolts of death.

Woe for him, the valorous one,
Now a silent clod of clay!
Nevermore for him the sun
Would make glad the paths of day;
Yet 't were better thus to die
Than to cringe to Tyranny!—

Better thus the life to yield,
Striking for the right and God,
Upon Freedom's gory field,
Than to kiss Oppression's rod!
Honor, then, for all time be
To the brave MONTGOMERY!

The Boasting of Sir Peter Parker

(June 28, 1776)

'T was the proud Sir PETER PARKER came sailing in from the
sea,

With his serried ships of line a-port, and his ships of line a-lee;
A little lead for a cure, he said, for these rebel sires and sons!

And the folk on the Charleston roof-tops heard the roar of the
shotted guns;

They heard the roar of the guns off shore, but they marked,
with a hopeful smile,

The answering ire of a storm of fire from Sullivan's sandy isle.

'T was the proud Sir PETER PARKER who saw with the climb-
ing noon

Ruin and wreck on each blood-stained deck that day in the
wane of June,—

The shivered spar and the shattered beam and the torn and
toppling mast

And the grimy gunners wounded sore, and the seamen falling
fast;

But from the stubborn fort ashore no sight of a single sign

That the rebel sires and sons had quailed before his ships-of-
the-line.

'T was the proud Sir PETER PARKER who saw the fall of the flag
From the fortress wall; then rang his call:—*They have lost
their rebel rag!*

And the fifty guns of the *Bristol* flamed, and the volumned
thunder rolled;

The Boasting of Sir Peter Parker

'*T is now*, the haughty Admiral cried, *we 'll drive them out of their hold!*

But little he knew, and his British crew, how small was their
vaunted power,
For lo, to the rampart's crest there leaped the dauntless man
of the hour!

'T was the proud Sir PETER PARKER who saw with a wild
amaze

This hero spring from the fortress height 'mid the hail and the
fiery haze;

Under the wall he strode, each step with the deadliest danger
fraught,

And up from the sand with a triumph hand the splintered
staff he caught.

Then, still unscathed by the iron rain, he clambered the
parapet,

And 'mid the burst of his comrades' cheers the flag on the
bastion set.

'T was the proud Sir PETER PARKER who slunk through the
night to sea,

With his shattered ships-of-line a-port and his ships-of-line
a-lee;

Above there was wreck, and below was wreck, and the sense
of loss and woe,

For the sneered-at rebel sires and sons had proved them a
direful foe;

But War's dark blight on the land lay light, and they hailed
with a joyful smile

The stars of victory burning bright over Sullivan's sandy isle.

Saint Leger

(August, 1777)

From out of the North-land his leaguer he led,
SAINT LEGER, SAINT LEGER;
And the war-lust was strong in his heart as he sped;
Their courage, he cried, it shall die i' the throat,
When they mark the proud standards that over us float—
See rover and ranger, redskin and redcoat!
SAINT LEGER, SAINT LEGER.

He hurried by water, he scurried by land,
SAINT LEGER, SAINT LEGER,
Till closely he cordoned the patriot band:
Surrender, he bade, or I tighten the net!
Surrender? they mocked him, we laugh at your threat!
By Heaven! he thundered, you 'll live to regret
SAINT LEGER, SAINT LEGER!

He mounted his mortars, he smote with his shell,
SAINT LEGER, SAINT LEGER;
Then fumed in a fury that futile they fell;
But he counselled with rum till he chuckled, elate,
As he sat in his tent-door, *Egad, we can wait,*
For famine is famous to open a gate!
SAINT LEGER, SAINT LEGER.

But lo! as he waited, was borne to his ear—
SAINT LEGER, SAINT LEGER—

Saint Leger

A whisper of dread and a murmur of fear!
They come, and as leaves are their numbers enrolled!
They come, and their onset may not be controlled,
For 't is ARNOLD who heads them, 't is ARNOLD the bold—
SAINT LEGER, SAINT LEGER!

Retreat! Was the word e'er more bitterly said,
SAINT LEGER, SAINT LEGER,
Than when to the North-land your leaguer you led?
Alas, for BURGOYNE in his peril and pain—
Who lists in the night for the tramp of that train!
And, alas, for the boasting, the vaunting, the vain
SAINT LEGER!

The Troopers

(1778)

We clattered into the village street, and up to the "Rose and Crown,"

And we roared a toast to the Tory host as we tossed his liquor down:

Long life to General WASHINGTON! He 's a gentleman, we trow!

But death to a thing like a tyrant king, and his vassal, my great Lord HOWE!

Then we doffed the hat as down we sat, and bade him fatten the board,

And when he whimpered and wheezed and whined we gave a clank of the sword;

By his own wide hearth, 't was a matter for mirth to see him bend and cow,

This cringing thing to a tyrant king, and his vassal, my great Lord HOWE.

We had ridden fast, we had ridden far, and under the stars had slept;

Out of the night for the foray-fight we into the dawn had crept;
Long and late we had laughed at fate, we had hungered oft,
and now

'T was a goodly thing to feast like a king, and his vassal, my great Lord HOWE!

We had kissed our mothers and kissed our wives and kissed our sweethearts true:

As a grain of sand we had held our lives in the work we had to do;

The Troopers

We were "rebels" all, proud name, GOD wot! because we would
not bow

Our heads to a thing like a tyrant king, and his vassal, my
great Lord HOWE!

To saddle, lads! was the word we heard leap blithe from the
captain's tongue,

So we raised a rouse for the Tory house as out of the door we
flung:

*Long life to General WASHINGTON! He 's a gentleman, we
trow!*

*But death to a thing like a tyrant king, and his vassal, my great
Lord HOWE!*

Wayne at Stony Point

(July 15, 1779)

'T was the heart of the murky night, and the lowest ebb of the
tide,

Silence lay on the land, and sleep on the waters wide,
Save for the sentry's tramp, or the note of a lone night bird,
Or the sough of the haunted pines as the south wind softly
stirred.

Gloom above and around, and the brooding spirit of rest;
Only a single star over Dunderberg's lofty crest.

Through the drench of ooze and slime at the marge of the
river fen

File upon file slips by. See! are they ghosts or men?
Fast do they forward press, on by a track unbarred;
Now is the causeway won, now have they throttled the guard;
Now have they parted line to storm with a rush on the height,
Some by a path to the left, some by a path to the right.

Hark,—the peal of a gun! and the drummer's rude alarms!
Ringing down from the height there soundeth the cry, *To arms!*
Thundering down from the height there cometh the cannon's
blare;

Flash upon blinding flash lightens the livid air:
Look! do the stormers quail? Nay, for their feet are set
Now at the bastion's base, now on the parapet!

Urging the vanguard on prone doth the leader fall,
Smitten sudden and sore by a foeman's musket-ball;

Wayne at Stony Point

Waver the charging lines; swiftly they spring to his side,—
Madcap ANTHONY WAYNE, the patriot army's pride!
Forward, my braves! he cries, and the heroes hearten again;
Bear me into the fort, I 'll die at the head of my men!

Die!—did he die that night, felled in his lusty prime?
Answer many a field in the stormy after-time!
Still did his prowess shine, still did his courage soar,
From the Hudson's rocky steep to the James's level shore;
But never on Fame's fair scroll did he blazon a deed more
 bright
Than his charge on Stony Point in the heart of the murky
 night.

Light-Horse Harry

(1756-1818)

Down from Sussex and from Surrey,
Westmoreland and Nottaway,
They have sped in hot-foot hurry,
Mounted upon roan and bay;—
Daring men that mock at dangers,
Fearless as the wind and free,
Reckless rovers, raiders, rangers,
Riding forth with HARRY LEE!

Sooth, but they were swift to saddle,
Clap the ringing spur to heel!
Just the dashing lads to addle
British heads with patriot steel!
And in all the broad land's borders
Is no knightlier soul than he
From whose lips they take their orders,
Gallant "Light-Horse HARRY LEE!"

Never dazed and never daunted,
As at bloody Brandywine
When such dire disaster haunted
All the Continental line;
Wakeful, watchful, ardent, eager,
Fast to follow, slow to flee,
Crafty, cunning to beleaguer,
Brave-heart "Legion HARRY LEE!"

Light-Horse Harry

Up from where the eye of morning
Sees the Santee seek the main
There has winged a word of warning,—
Butcher TARLETON rides again!
Turning not for ford or ferry,
Gaily southward gallops he,
With his madcap men and merry,
Tireless "Light-Horse HARRY LEE!"

Soon they 'll thread the cypress-passes
Where the brooding bittern bides,
Reach the dim and deep morasses
Where the wily MARION hides;
Then among the Tory foemen
What red havoc there will be,
When the "Swamp Fox" and his yeomen
Join with "Light-Horse HARRY LEE!"

The Flag with Fifteen Stripes

(May 1, 1795–December 3, 1818)

Our Navy's name was written in flame
When Fifteen Stripes we flew,
That flag's bright fame we kept from blame
Wherever the seas were blue;
For under it—by all the Powers!—
When the dogs of war let slip,
If we met the enemy he was ours,
And we did n't give up the ship!

Then: Hip! hip! hip!

From every lip:

Hurrah! The boatswain pipes

The tune to the tars

Under Forty-five Stars,

Of the Flag with Fifteen Stripes!

When Fifteen Stripes raced over the blue
Our Navy was but small,
We had to do with a frigate or two—
No ships-of-the-line at all;
Our guns blew up, our powder was weak,
Our cannon-balls under weight,
Yet the flag at our peak through the battle reek
Sped many a fiery fate.

When Fifteen Stripes snapped in the gale
If cannon could not reach,
We clapped on sail till we hugged his rail
And left his hopes a-breach;

The Flag with Fifteen Stripes

Over his side we 'd gayly climb
Through pistols, pikes, and hell,
To the ringing rhyme the cutlasses chime
And the bully boarders' yell.

When Fifteen Stripes sailed in the van,
Although our ships were few,
Both fleet and man were from one plan,
Staunch and tried and true;
There were n't so many mechanical arts
When our men-o'-war were oak,
But we armored their parts with American hearts
And the battle flame and smoke.

Then: Hip! hip! hip!

From every lip:

Hurrah! The boatswain pipes

The tune to the tars

Under Forty-five Stars,

O' the Flag with Fifteen Stripes!

First-Fruits in 1812

(August 19, 1812)

What is that a-billowing there

Like a thunderhead in air?

Why should such a sight be whitening the seas?

That 's a Yankee man-o'-war,

And three things she 's seeking for—

For a prize, and for a battle, and a breeze.

When the war blew o'er the sea

Out went HULL and out went we

In the *Constitution*, looking for the foe;

But five British ships came down—

And we got to Boston-town

By a mighty narrow margin, you must know!

Captain HULL can 't fight their fleet,

But he fairly aches to meet

Quite the prettiest British ship of all there were;

So he stands again to sea

In the hope that on his lee

He 'll catch DACRES and his pretty *Guerrière*.

'T is an August afternoon

Not a day too late or soon,

When we raise a ship whose lettered mainsail reads:

All who meet me have a care,

I am England's Guerrière;

So HULL gayly clears for action as he speeds.

First-Fruits in 1812

Cheery bells had chanted five
On the happiest day alive
When we Yankees dance to quarters at his call;
While the British bang away
With their broadsides' screech and bray;
But the *Constitution* never fires a ball.

We send up three times to ask
If we sha'n't begin our task?
Captain HULL sends back each time the answer *No*;
Till to half a pistol-shot
The two frigates he had brought,
Then he whispers, *Lay along!*—and we let go.

Twice our broadside lights and lifts,
And the Briton, crippled, drifts
With her mizzen dangling hopeless at her poop:
Laughs a Yankee, *She's a brig!*
Says our Captain, *That's too big;*
Try another, so we'll have her for a sloop!

We hurrah, and fire again,
Lay aboard of her like men,
And, like men, they beat us off, and try in turn;
But we drive bold DACRES back
With our muskets' snap and crack—
All the while our crashing broadsides boom and burn.

'T is but half an hour, bare,
When that pretty *Guerrière*
Not a stick calls hers aloft or hers alow,

First-Fruits in 1812

Save the mizzen's shattered mast,
Where her "meteor flag" 's nailed fast
Till, a fallen star, we quench its ruddy glow.

DACRES, injured, o'er our side
Slowly bears his sword of pride,
Holds it out, as HULL stands there in his renown:
No, no! says th' American,
Never, from so brave a man—
But I see you're wounded, let me help you down.

All that night we work in vain
Keeping her upon the main,
But we 'd hulled her far too often, and at last
In a blaze of fire there
Dies the pretty *Guerrière*;
While away we cheerly sail upon the blast.

Oh, the breeze that blows so free!
Oh, the prize beneath the sea!
Oh, the battle!—was there ever better won?
Still the happy Yankee cheers
Are a-ringing in our ears
From old Boston, glorying in what we 've done.

What is that a-billowing there
Like a thunderhead in air?
Why should such a sight be whitening the seas?
That 's *Old Irnsides*, trim and taut,
And she 's found the things she sought—
Found a prize, a bully battle, and a breeze!

Defeat and Victory

(June 1, 1813)

Through the clangor of the cannon,
Through the combat's wreck and reek,
Answer to th' o'ermastering *Shannon*
Thunders from the *Chesapeake*;
Gallant LAWRENCE, wounded, dying,
Speaks with still unconquered lip
Ere the bitter draught he drinks:
Keep the Flag flying!
Fight her till she strikes or sinks!
Don't give up the ship!

Still that voice is sounding o'er us,
So bold PERRY heard it call;
FARRAGUT has joined its chorus;
PORTER, DEWEY, WAINWRIGHT—all
Heard the voice of duty crying;
Deathless word from dauntless lip
That our past and future links:
Keep the Flag flying!
Fight her till she strikes or sinks!
Don't give up the ship!

The Battle of Plattsburg Bay

(September 11, 1814)

Plattsburg Bay! Plattsburg Bay!
Blue and gold in the dawning ray,
Crimson under the high noonday
With the reek of the fray!

It was THOMAS MACDONOUGH, as gallant a sailor
As ever went scurrying over the main;
And he cried from his deck, *If they think I 'm a quailer,*
And deem they can capture this Lake of Champlain,
We 'll show them they 're not fighting France, sir, nor Spain!

So from Cumberland Head to the little Crab Island
He scattered his squadron in trim battle-line;
And when he saw DOWNIE come rounding the highland,
He knelt him, beseeching for guidance divine,
Imploring that Heaven would crown his design.

Then thundered the *Eagle* her lusty defiance;
The stout *Saratoga* aroused with a roar;
Soon gunboat and galley in hearty alliance
Their resonant volley of compliments pour;
And ever MACDONOUGH 's the man to the fore!

And lo, when the fight toward its fiercest was swirling,
A game-cock, released by a splintering ball,
Flew high in the ratlines, the smoke round him curling,
And over the din gave his trumpeting call,
An omen of ultimate triumph to all!

The Battle of Plattsburg Bay

Then a valianter light touched the powder-grimed faces;
Then faster the shot seemed to plunge from the gun;
And we shattered their yards and we sundered their braces,
And the fume of our cannon—it shrouded the sun;
Cried MACDONOUGH—*Once more, and the battle is won!*

Now, the flag of the haughty *Confiance* is trailing;
The *Linnet* in woe staggers in toward the shore;
The *Finch* is a wreck from her keel to her railing;
The galleys flee fast to the strain of the oar;
MACDONOUGH! 't is he is the man to the fore!

Oh, our main decks were grim and our gun decks were gory,
And many a brave brow was pallid with pain;
And while some won to death, yet we all won to glory
Who fought with MACDONOUGH that day on Champlain,
And humbled her pride who is queen of the main!

The Armstrong at Fayal

(September 26, 1814)

*Oh, the sun sets red, the moon shines white,
And blue is Fayal's clear sky;
The sun and moon and sky are bright,
And the sea, and stars on high;
But the name of REID and the fame of REID
And the flag of his ship and crew
Are brighter far than sea or star
Or the heavens' red, white, and blue:
So lift your voices once again
For the land we love so dear,
For the fighting Captain and the men
Of the Yankee Privateer!*

The moonbeams, like fine silver, shine
Upon the blue Azores,
As twilight pours her purple wine
Upon those storied shores;
The General Armstrong's flag of stars
In the harbor of Fayal
Flies forth, remote from thought of wars,
Until the sunset call.

No glistening guns in serried lines
The slender schooner boasts,
A pivot and eight hearty nines
Shall meet her foeman's hosts;

The Armstrong at Fayal

Her sides are oak, her masts are tall,
Her captain 's one to trust,
Her ninety men are freemen all,
Her quarrel wholly just.

On far Fayal the moon is fair
To-night as it was when
Glad in the gay September air,
REID laughed beside his men;
On far Fayal the sun to-day
Was lord of all the sky
As when the *General Armstrong* lay,
Our banner flung on high;
But now there rests a holier light
Than theirs on land and sea:
The splendor of our sailors' might,
And glorious bravery.

A moment, and the flag will sink
As sinks the sun to rest
Beyond the billows' western brink
Where towers the Eagle's nest,
When round the azure harbor-head
Where sparkling ocean brims,
Her British ensign streaming red,
The brig *Carnation* swims.

Ere with the sun her sails are set
The *Rota* frigate glides
And the great ship *Plantagenet*
To stations at her sides:

The Armstrong at Fayal

They carry sixscore guns and ten,
They serve the British crown,
They muster o'er a thousand men—
To win were small renown.

'T was by Fayal, where Portugal
Still flaunts her Blue-and-White;
What cares their FLOYD for Portugal
Or what cares he for right?
He starts his signals down the line—
Our flag is flying free—
His weapons in the moonbeams shine,
His boats drop on the sea.
Straight to the *Armstrong* swift they come.
Speak or I fire! shouts REID—
Their rattling rowlocks louder hum
To mark their heightened speed.

Fierce o'er their moonlit path there stream
Bright glares of crimson flame;
Our muskets but an instant gleam,
Yet leave them wounded, lame.
They try a feeble, brief reply
Ere back their course is sped.
Before our marksmanship they fly,
Their living with their dead.

FLOYD swears upon his faith and all
The *Armstrong* shall be his;
He scorns rebuke from Portugal,
But not such enemies;

The Armstrong at Fayal

So guns are charged with canister
And picked men go to fight:
Brave hearts and doomed full many were
In the Azores that night.

From nine until the nick of twelve
Their boats are seen to throng
Where rocky islets slant and shelve
Safe from our bullets' song;
Then out they dash, their small arms flash,
While blare their carronades,
Their boarding-pikes and axes clash,
Their guns and cutlass blades.
Our Long Tom speaks, our shrapnel shrieks;
But ere we load again,
On every side the battle reeks
Of thrice a hundred men.

Our rail is low, and there the foe
Cling as they shoot and hack.
We stab them as they climb a-row,
Slaying, nor turning back.
They dash up now upon our bow,
And there our hearties haste;
Now at our stern their muskets burn,
And now along our waist.

Our fo'c'sle weeps when WILLIAMS dies,
When WORTH falls in his blood,
But bleeding through the battle-cries
Our gallant JOHNSON stood;

The Armstrong at Fayal

The British muskets snapt and spat
Till REID came in his wrath,
His brow so pale with purpose that
It glistened down his path.

Forth from the quarterdeck he springs,
He and his men with cheers;
On British skulls his cutlass rings,
His pistols in their ears;
His men beside him hold him good
Till spent the foeman's breath;
Where at our sides a Briton stood,
A Briton sank in death;
Though weak our men with blood and sweat,
Our sides a riddled wreck,
Yet ne'er a British foot is set
Upon the *Armstrong's* deck.

Three hundred men their Admiral sent
Our schooner's ways to mend:
A hundred British sailors went
Down to a warrior's end.
Two of our lads in death are red,
But safe the flag above:
God grant that never worse be sped
The fray for all we love!

The *General Armstrong* lies beneath
The waves in far Fayal,
But still his countrymen shall wreathe
REID's name with laurels tall;

The Armstrong at Fayal

The sun and moon are fair to see
Above the blue Azores,
But fairer far REID's victory
Beside their storied shores.

*Oh, the sun sets red, the moon shines white,
And blue is Fayal's clear sky;
The sun and moon and sky are bright,
And the sea, and stars on high;
But the name of REID and the fame of REID
And the flag of his ship and crew
Are brighter far than sea or star
Or the heavens' red, white, and blue:
So lift your voices once again
For the land we love so dear,
For the fighting Captain and the men
Of the Yankee Privateer!*

A Yankee Privateer

To the port of Fayal Britain pays a sunset call:

A frigate, brig, and seventy-four come sailing slant and sheer
With their guns full sixscore and a thousand men or more
To teach the art of fighting to a Yankee Privateer.

With his trust in the LORD, and his hand upon his sword,
His ninety men about him, and our banner looking down,
Gallant REID clears for fight in the moonlit Azores night
To forge a stunning thunderbolt against the British Crown.

Oh, the moon shines like day as their boats get under way
And bear down on the *Armstrong* with intentions fell and
black;

But our nine-pounders glow, with our muskets all a-row,
And twenty Britons sink with wounds before they hasten
back.

There are twelve launches more fitted out for bitter war,
Three hundred men aboard them in the noontide of the
night,

There are great carronades and boarding-pikes and blades,
As on they come in single file to batter and to blight.

All our guns hurl their shot ere they burst upon us hot;
They rattle on our bulwarks, slashing at the boarding-net.
We 've a blow for each head and a pistol full of lead,
And on the *Armstrong's* wrathful deck no British foot is set.

On our waist, at our stern, we have made them bleed and turn,
Our battle-wrath has baffled them, our cutlasses strike fire;
To the bow rushes REID, and the Britons backward speed
As bloody mourning takes the place of all their early ire.

A Yankee Privateer

Then their brig slowly wears, and her shining battery glares
Upon us for a moment, till we blow her back in shame;
But the great seventy-four takes her station near the shore,
And REID leads off his gallant men, and sets his ship a-flame.

We have lost only two from the hearties in our crew;
The enemy was three long days in burying his slain,
For a round hundred went with their ammunition spent
Where they 'll ne'er meet a sailor from America again.

Nevermore o'er the deep shall our privateersmen sweep
To fight the rulers of the deep and conquer them with cheers;
Yet in days now long gone 't was a mighty light that shone
Betwixt the foam and firmament from Yankee Privateers.

Jackson at New Orleans

(January 8, 1815)

Hear through the morning drums and trumpets sounding,
Rumbling of cannon, tramp of mighty armies;
Then the mist sunders, all the plain disclosing
Scarlet for England.

Batteries roll on, halt, and flashing lightnings
Search out our earthworks, silent and portentous.
Fierce on our right with crimson banners tossing
Their lines spring forward.

Lanyards in hand, Americans and seamen,
Gunners from warships, LAFITTE's privateersmen,
Roar out our thunders till the grape and shrapnel
Shriek through their columns.

Shattered in fragments, thus their right is riven;
But on our left a deadlier bolt is speeding:
WELLESLEY's Peninsulars, never yet defeated,
Charge in their valor.

Closing their files, our cannon fire disdaining,
Dauntless they come with victory on their standards;
Then slowly rise the rifles of our marksmen,
Tennessee hunters.

Cradles of flame and scythes of whistling bullets
Lay them in windrows, war's infernal harvest.
High through the onslaught Tennessee is shouting,
Joying in battle.

Jackson at New Orleans

PAKENHAM falls there, KEANE and his Highlanders
Close from the centre, hopeless in their courage;
Backward they stagger, dying and disabled,
Gloriously routed.

Stilled are our rifles as our cheers grow louder:
War clouds sweep back in January breezes,
Showing the dreadful proof of the great triumph
GOD hath vouchsafed us.

That gallant war-host, England's best and bravest,
Met by raw levies, scores against its hundreds,
Lies at our feet, a thing for woman's weeping,
Reddening the meadows.

Freed are our States from European tyrants:
Lift then your voices for the little army
Led by our battle-loving ANDREW JACKSON,
Blest of JEHOVAH.

The Victory at New Orleans

There 's a blare of bugles blowing,
And a hum of rumbling drums;
Red upon the green plain flowing,
See, the British army comes!
There are regiments in scarlet,
Renegade and negro varlet,
Rolling on;
There are regiments half savage
That had aided Ross to ravage
Washington.

Broad their banners forth are streaming
In the January sun,
Bright their bayonets are gleaming
Over every deadly gun;
Bold marine and bolder seaman
Who had fought like any demon
On the main;
Thousands more black with the pillage
Gleaned in many a hopeless village
Back in Spain.

Here are WELLESLEY's trusted henchmen,
Fiendish old Peninsulars,
Stained with blood of slaughtered Frenchmen
Through the long and bitter wars;
Rank and file as ripe with evil,
Rape, and rapine as the devil
And his dam;

The Victory at New Orleans

At their head that hero-Briton
On whose brow success was written,
PAKENHAM.

There are sixty warships heaving
On the Mississippi sound,
Near ten thousand warriors weaving
Through that tufted, swampy ground,
There are breastworks just before them—
One bold charge and they 'll be o'er them.
High or low;
Then an hour of British shooting,
And a week of British looting,
Death, and woe.

But the frontiersmen with JACKSON
See there 's powder in the pan,
They have never turned their backs on
Savage beast or savage man;
Craven Spain at Pensacola
And the Creeks of Tallapoosa
Know their glance,
Know the 'coonskin cap and rifle,
And the bullet-clouds that stifle
All advance.

For the fourth time now the Briton
Since his coming in the night
Is to see his bravest smitten
By the lightnings of our might:
When our gunboats meet their barges;

The Victory at New Orleans

On the night our army charges
 Into flame;
When their cannon are dismounted—
Thrice they 've learned we can be counted
 On for aim.

Yet they come in long ranks steady
 To take up the battle brunt,
With their courage tried and ready,
 Gallant officers in front;
Near the river RENNIE's soldiers
With their muskets on their shoulders
 Hold their path;
'Gainst our right he leads his raiders—
Welcome now the bold invaders
 With our wrath!

On our first redoubt they 're dashing,
 Rank on rank they rush a-swarm:
Down their files our cannon crashing
 Hurl an extirpating storm;
Thunder-stricken and astounded
They are hurled back crushed and wounded
 By our lead,
PATTERSON in wide swaths mows them,
HUMPHREY's grape in huge gusts blows them—
 RENNIE 's dead.

Steadily, not one a coward,
 GIBBS's men charge with a will;
Steadily our shrapnel 's showered—
 They are coming closer still;

The Victory at New Orleans

There LAFITTE's bold men are aiming,
All our batteries are flaming,
For their fall;
But our hail of grape despising,
On they come, their broad front rising
At the call.

Every rifleman with longing
Gazes on the lines in red
As they come in columns thronging;
But the word has not been said:
At two hundred yards or nearer,
Sounds the signal for each hearer,
Tennessee!—

Hurled to hell in quick disorder,
Britons leave a crimson border
As they flee.

PAKENHAM rides up to rally—
He is wounded in the arm,
GIBBS shall never from that sally
Speed again to war's alarm,
Quick to aid KEANE's men are coming—
Hear our rifles' ceaseless humming!—
KEANE is slain;
Spreads the panic's fitful pallor—
PAKENHAM in all his valor
Low is lain.

There 's no blare of bugles blowing,
Not a hum of rumbling drum.
Bitter is their overthrowing,
Thousands lie for ever dumb,

The Victory at New Orleans

With backwoodsmen to defend us
We have won the odds tremendous,
One to three.

Woe to him who dares to trifle
With the 'coonskin cap and rifle—
Tennessee!

Talluschatches, Talladega,
These our General's victories,
Bowyer's Fort, and Tohopeka—
Now New Orleans is his.

Silence! then a noise of cheering—
Louder—louder—he is nearing—

JACKSON comes!
Hear the song of triumph growing,
Hear the blare of bugles blowing,
Hear the drums!

The Valor of Ben Milam

(February, 1836)

Oh, who will follow old BEN MILAM into San Antonio?

Such was the thrilling word we heard in the chill December
glow;

Such was the thrilling word we heard, and a ringing, answering
cry

Went up from the dun adobe walls to the cloudless Texan sky.

He had won from the reek of a Mexique jail back without map
or chart,

With his mother-wit and his hero-grit and his staunch Ken-
tucky heart;

He had trudged by vale and by mountain trail, and by thorny
and thirsty plain,

And now, with joy on his grizzled brow, he had come to his
own again.

*They 're the spawn of hell! we heard him tell; they will knife
and lie and cheat;*

*At the board of none of the swarthy horde would I deign to sit at
meat;*

*They hold it naught that I bled and fought when Spain was
their ruthless foe;*

Oh, who will follow old BEN MILAM into San Antonio?

It was four to one, not gun for gun, but never a curse cared we,
Three hundred faithful and fearless men who had sworn to
make Texas free.

The Valor of Ben Milam

It was mighty odds, by all the gods, this brood of the Mexique
dam,
But it was not much for heroes such as followed old BEN
MILAM!

With rifle-crack and sabre-hack we drove them back in the
street;
From house to house in the red carouse we hastened their flying
feet;
And ever that shout kept pealing out with the swift and sure
death-blow:
Oh, who will follow old BEN MILAM into San Antonio?

Behind the walls from the hurtling balls COS cowered and
swore in his beard,
While we slashed and slew from dawn till dew, and, Bexar,
how we cheered!
But ere failed each ruse, and the white of truce on the failing
day was thrown,
Our fearless soul had gone to the goal in the Land of the Great
' Unknown.

Death brought the darksome boon too soon to this truest one
of the true,
Or, men of the fated Alamo, MILAM had died with you!
So when their names that now are Fame's—the scorner of
braggart Sham—
In song be praised, let a rouse be raised for the name of BEN
MILAM!

The Old Brooklyn

A song for the brave bark *Brooklyn*,
With her sinewy masts and spars,
And her Yankee captain and Yankee crew,
Who skimmed the bounds of the ocean blue,
Ere ever the days of the triple screw,
A-flying the Stripes and Stars!

Never a gallanter ship than she
Then ploughed the meads of the seas—
With her open deck and its old smooth-bores!
And she made the peaks of the fair Azores,
Then sailed from the curve of those sloping shores
For the Straits of Hercules.

She passed the rock where the Briton broods
Over the swirl of the surge;
And, wafted swift by the western wind,
She left the Ætnan isle behind,
And came to the land where the Sphinx glooms blind
On the desert's dismal verge.

Then she clove the waste that gaped in haste
For Israel's hosts of old;
And the wave of the Arab held her thrall,
Till at last they let her anchor fall
Where Muscat sits by its lowering wall,
And its promontory bold.

The Old Brooklyn

Strange were the sights that her sailors viewed
In that barbarous outland place,
But naught so haunted and held the eye—
Not the tiger-guards in the palace nigh—
As a British ship's name painted high
On the promontory's face.

For over against them everywhere—
These Yankees of cleat and spar—
Since they sought the foam from the homeland pier,
In every harbor afar or near
(Fayal, or Suez, or Tangier),
Had been signs of the British tar;

Had been signs that he lorded it o'er the seas
As though he could turn their tides;
And those valorous Yankee sailor-men
(Two in a fight were as good as ten!),
How they longed for the heartening days again
Of the staunch *Old Ironsides!*

And they marked that name through the haze and heat,
On the promontory there,
Till their aching vision was blurred and stung,
And it seemed to them like a challenge flung
Adown from the frowning steep where it hung
Through the scorching tropic air.

To-morrow we sail! the Captain cried.
In the murk of the middle night
A boat slipped out from the vessel's side,

The Old Brooklyn

And the anxious watchers ere long espied
A wavering light, like a beacon, glide
Toward the sheer cliff's beetling height.

A lurid dawn leaped out of the sea
And spattered the bay with flame;
And lo, as the snow of the sails was spread,
O'er the British ship on the grim rock's head,
With a ringing shout the sailors read
Their own brave *Brooklyn's* name!

So a song for the gallant *Brooklyn!*
And a cheer for her Yankee tars!
The same old spirit to dare and do
For the sake of the red, the white, and the blue,
Still lives in the trusty lads and true
Who sail 'neath the Stripes and Stars!

Blood is Thicker than Water

(June 25, 1859)

Ebbd and flowed the muddy Pei-Ho by the gulf of Pechili,
Near its waters swung the yellow dragon-flag;
Past the batteries of China, looking westward we could see
Lazy junks along the lazy river lag;
Villagers in nearby Ta-Kou toiled beneath their humble star,
On the flats the ugly mud fort lay and dreamed;
While the *Powhatan* swung slowly at her station by the bar,
While the *Toey-Wan* with TATTNALL onward steamed.

Lazy East and lazy river, fort of mud in lazy June,
English gunboats through the waters slowly fare,
With the dragon-flag scarce moving in the lazy afternoon
O'er the mud-heap storing venom in the glare.
We were on our way to Peking, to the Son of Heaven's throne,
White with peace was all our mission to his court,
Peaceful, too, the English vessels on the turbid stream bestrown
Seeking passage up the Pei-Ho past the fort.

By the bar lay half the English, while the rest, with gallant
HOPE,
Wrestled with the slipping ebb-tide up the stream;
They had cleared the Chinese irons, reached the double chain
and rope,
Where the ugly mud fort scowled upon their beam—
Boom! the heavens split asunder with the thunder of the fight
As the hateful dragon made its faith a mock;
Every cannon spat its perfidy, each casemate blazed its spite,
Crashing down upon the English, shock on shock.

Blood is Thicker than Water

In his courage RASON perished, brave McKENNA fought and fell;

Scores were dying as they 'd lived, like valiant men;
And the meteor flag that upward prayed to Heaven from that hell,

Wept below for those who ne'er should weep again.
Far away the English launches near the *Powhatan* swung slow,
All despairing, useless, out of reach of war,
Knew their comrades in the battle, felt them reel beneath the blow,

Lying helpless 'gainst the ebb-tide by the bar.

On the *Toey-Wan* stood TATTNALL, STEPHEN TRENCHARD by his side—

"Old Man" TATTNALL, he who dared at Vera Cruz,—
Saw here, crippled by the cannon; saw there, throttled by the tide,

Men of English blood and speech—could he refuse?
I 'll be damned, says he to TRENCHARD, *if old Tattmall's stand-*
ing by,

Seeing white men butchered here by such a foe.
Where 's my barge? No side-arms, mind you! See those
English fight and die—

Blood is thicker, sir, than water. Let us go.

Quick we man the boat, and quicker plunge into that devil's brew—

"An official call," and TATTNALL went in state.
TRENCHARD 's hurt, our flag in ribbons, and the rocking barge
shot through,

HART, our coxswain, dies beneath the Chinese hate;

Blood is Thicker than Water

But the cheers those English give us as we gain their Admiral's
ship

Make the shattered boat and weary arms seem light—
Then the rare smile from "Old" TATTNALL, and HOPE's hearty
word and grip,

Lying wounded, bleeding, brave in hell's despite.

TATTNALL nods, and we go forward, find a gun no longer
fought—

What is peace to us when all its crew lie dead?
One bright English lad brings powder and a wounded man
the shot,

And we scotch that Chinese dragon, tail and head.
Hands are shaken, faith is plighted, sounds our Captain's
cheery call,

In a British boat we speed us fast and far;
And the *Toey-Wan* and TATTNALL down the ebb-tide slide and
fall

To the launches lying moaning by the bar.

Eager for an English vengeance, battle-light on every face,
See the Clustered Stars lead on the Triple Cross!
Cheering, swinging into action, valiant HOPE takes heart of
grace

From the cannons' cloudy roar, the lanyards' toss.
How they fought, those fighting English! How they cheered
the *Toey-Wan*,

Cheered our sailors, cheered "Old" TATTNALL, grim and
grey!

And their cheers ring down the ages as they rang beneath the
sun

O'er those bubbling, troubled waters far away.

Blood is Thicker than Water

Ebbs and flows the muddy Pei-Ho by the gulf of Pechili,
Idly floats beside the stream the dragon-flag;
Past the batteries of China, looking westward still you see
Lazy junks along the lazy river lag.
Let the long, long years drip slowly on that lost and ancient
land,
Ever dear one scene to hearts of gallant men;
There 's a hand-clasp and a heart-throb, there 's a word we
understand:
Blood is thicker, sir, than water, now as then.

The Daughter of the Regiment

(Fifth Rhode Island)

Who with the soldiers was staunch danger-sharer,—
Marched in the ranks through the shriek of the shell?
Who was their comrade, their brave color-bearer?
Who but the resolute KADY BROWNELL!

Over the marshland and over the highland,
Where'er the columns wound, meadow or dell,
Fared she, this daughter of little Rhode Island,—
She, the intrepid one, KADY BROWNELL!

While the mad rout at Manassas was surging,
When those around her fled wildly, or fell,
And the bold BEAUREGARD onward was urging,
Who so undaunted as KADY BROWNELL!

When gallant BURNSIDE made dash upon Newberne,
Sailing the Neuse 'gainst the sweep of the swell,
Watching the flag on the heaven's broad blue burn,
Who higher hearted than KADY BROWNELL?

In the deep slough of the springtide debarking,
Toiling o'er leagues that are weary to tell,
Time with the sturdiest soldiery marking,
Forward, straight forward, strode KADY BROWNELL.

Reaching the lines where the army was forming,
Forming to charge on those ramparts of hell,
When from the wood came her regiment swarming,
What did she see there—this KADY BROWNELL?

The Daughter of the Regiment

See! why she saw that their friends thought them foemen;

Muskets were levelled, and cannon as well!

Save them from direful destruction would no men?

Nay, but this woman would—KADY BROWNELL!

Waving her banner she raced for the clearing;

Fronted them all, with her flag as a spell;

Ah, what a volley—a volley of cheering—

Greeted the heroine, KADY BROWNELL!

Gone (and thank GOD!) are those red days of slaughter!

Brethren again we in amity dwell;

Just one more cheer for the Regiment's Daughter!—

Just one more cheer for her, KADY BROWNELL!

Riding with Kilpatrick

(Brandy Station, June, 1863)

Dawn peered through the pines as we dashed at the ford;
Afar the grim guns of the infantry roared;
There were miles yet of dangerous pathway to pass,
And MOSEBY might menace, and STUART might mass;
But we mocked every doubt, laughing danger to scorn,
As we quaffed with a shout from the wine of the morn.
Those who rode with KILPATRICK to valor were born!

How we chafed at delay! How we itched to be on!
How we yearned for the fray where the battle-reek shone!
It was *forward*, not *halt*, stirred the fire in our veins,
When our horses' feet beat to the clink of the reins;
It was *charge*, not *retreat*, we were wonted to hear;
It was *charge*, not *retreat*, that was sweet to the ear;
Those who rode with KILPATRICK had never felt fear!

At last the word came, and troop tossed it to troop;
Two squadrons deployed with a falcon-like swoop;
While swiftly the others in echelons formed,
For there, just ahead, was the line to be stormed.
The trumpets rang out; there were guidons ablowl
The white summer sun set our sabres aglow;
Those who rode with KILPATRICK charged straight at the foe!

We swept like the whirlwind; we closed; at the shock
The sky seemed to reel and the earth seemed to rock;
Steel clashed upon steel with a deafening sound,
While a redder than rose-stain encrimsoned the ground;

Riding with Kilpatrick

If we gave back a space from the fierce pit of hell,
We were rallied again by a voice like a bell.
Those who rode with KILPATRICK rode valiantly well!

Rang sternly his orders from out of the wrack:
Re-form there, New Yorkers! You, "Harris Light," back!
Come on, men of Maine! We will conquer or fall!
Now, forward, boys, forward! and follow me, all!
A BAYARD in boldness, a SIDNEY in grace,
A lion to lead and a stag-hound to chase—
Those who rode with KILPATRICK looked Death in the face!

Though brave were our foemen, they faltered and fled;
Yet that was no marvel when such as he led!
Long ago, long ago, was that desperate day!
Long ago, long ago, strove the Blue and the Grey!
Praise GOD that the red sun of battle is set!
That our hand-clasp is loyal and loving—and yet,
Those who rode with KILPATRICK can never forget!

Peace Hath Her Victories

(December, 1889)

Tumultuous, shrieking, speeds the gale,
December in its sweep;
Old ocean's emerald reach is pale
With foam abysses deep;
And hapless 'mid the furious spray
Our ship heaves on the grey.

The breakers on St. George's shoal
Have stretched a treacherous arm,
When HUGHES' *Lord Gough* with surge and roll
Comes laboring through the storm,
And glimpses in the wintry blast
Our flag half-way its mast.

HUGHES springs to action; clear rings out
His call for volunteers;
Then, as his good ship comes about,
With hearty English cheers
His sailors swing their little boat
Where cork could hardly float.

But, e'er the seamen bend their oars
Where skies beat down the sea,
The *Cleopatra's* ensign lowers,
Then rises fair and free,
The stars above, as if to swear
Its fortunes still are fair.

Unheeding, on the Englishmen
Toil through the boiling surge;

Peace Hath Her Victories

They gain our sides, and back again
With storm-compelling urge
They bear our Captain and his crew
As sinks the ship from view.

Then PENDLETON tells great gales blown,
Despair since drifting dawn,
Of winter in his very bone
At thought of his good ship gone.
His boats stove in, the lee shore nigh,
What could he do but die?

So swam into his sight the *Gough*
Where seas beat back the skies;
He feared her men's bold putting-off
In hopeless enterprise,
And free his flag on the tempest flew
Lest they should perish, too.

While Englishmen with cheers can cope
With Death and leave him blind,
While our Americans throw all hope
To th' winds to save their kind,
The tyrant, Fate, must slink afraid
Of eyes so undismayed.

And oh, ye folk of English tongue,
When such a brood ye 've borne,
Why should a poorer song be sung
Of conquests fit for scorn?
In pity, truth, be it your pride
To lead the world beside.

The Men of the Maine

(February 15, 1898)

Not in the dire, ensanguined front of war,
Conquered or conqueror,
'Mid the dread battle-peal, did they go down
To the still under-seas, with fair Renown
To weave for them the hero-martyr's crown.
They struck no blow
'Gainst an embattled foe;
With valiant-hearted Saxon hardihood
They stood not as the *Essex* sailors stood,
So sore bestead in that far Chilian bay;
Yet no less faithful they,
These men who, in the passing of a breath,
Were hurtled upon death.

No warning the salt-scented sea-wind bore,
No presage whispered from the Cuban shore
Of the appalling fate
That in the tropic night-time lay in wait
To bear them whence they shall return no more.
Some lapsed from dreams of home and love's clear star.
Into a realm where dreams eternal are;
And some into a world of wave and flame
Wherethrough they came
To living agony that no words can name.
Tears for them all,
And the low-tuned dirge funereal!

The Men of the Maine

Their place is now
With those who wear, green-set about the brow,
The deathless immortelles,—
The heroes torn and scarred
Whose blood made red the barren ocean dells,
Fighting with him the gallant *Ranger* bore,
Daring to do what none had dared before,—
To wave the New World banner, freedom-starred,
At England's very door!
Yea, with such noble ones their names shall stand
As those who heard the dying LAWRENCE speak
His burning words upon the *Chesapeake*,
And grappled in the hopeless hand-to-hand;
With those who fell on Erie and Champlain
Beneath the pouring, pitiless battle-rain:
With such as these, our lost men of the *Maine*!

What though they faced no storm of iron hail
That freedom and the right might still prevail?
The path of duty it was theirs to tread
To death's dark vale through ways of travail led,
And they are ours,—our dead!
If it be true that each loss holds a gain,
It must be ours through saddened eyes to see
From out this tragic holocaust of pain
The whole land bound in closer amity!

Under the Stars

(April, 1898)

Tell me what sail the seas

Under the stars?

Ships, and ships' companies,
Off to the wars.

Steel are the ship's great sides,
Steel are her guns,
Backward she thrusts the tides,
Swiftly she runs.

Steel is the sailor's heart,
Stalwart his arm,
His the Republic's part
Through cloud and storm.

Tell me what standard rare

Streams from the spars?

Red stripes and white they bear
Blue, with bright stars:

Red for brave hearts that burn
With liberty,
White for the peace they earn
Making men free,

Stars for the Heaven above—
Blue for the deep—
Where, in their country's love,
Heroes shall sleep.

Under the Stars

*Tell me why on the breeze
These banners blow?*
Ships and ships' companies
Eagerly go

Warring, like all our line,
Freedom to friend
Under this starry sign,
True to the end.

Fair is the Flag's renown,
Sacred her scars,
Sweet the death she shall crown
Under the stars.

Dewey and His Men

(May 1, 1898)

Glistening high in the midnight sky the starry rockets soar
To crown the height so soon to be uncrowned, Corregidor;
And moaning into the middle night resounds the answering
shock

From Fraile's island battery within the living rock;
Like FARRAGUT before him, so DEWEY down the bay,
Past fort and mine, in single line, holds on toward Cavité.

When the earth was new a raven flew o'er the sea on a perilous
quest,

By his broad black pinions buoyed up as he sought him a spot
to rest;

So to-day from British China sweeps our Commodore 'mid the
cheers

Of England's dauntless ships of steel, and into the night he
steers,

With never a home but the furrowy foam and never a place for
ease

Save the place he 'll win by the dint and din of his long, lean
batteries.

A misty dawn on the May-day shone, yet the enemy sees afar

On our ships-of-war great flags flung out as bright as the
morning star;

Then the cannon of Spain crash over the main and their
splendor flecks the ports

As the crackling thunder rolls along the frowning fleet and
forts;

Dewey and His Men

But the *Olympia* in her majesty leads up the broadening bay
And behind her come gaunt ships and dumb toward crested
Cavité.

All pearl and rose the dawnlight glows, and ruddy and grey the
gloom
Of battle over their squadron sinks as we sweep like a vast
simoom;
When our broadsides flash and ring at last—in a hoarsening,
staggering crush
On the arsenal and fleet in wrath our lurid lightnings rush.
Malate knows us, Cavité, Cañacao crazed with hate;
But Corregidor shall speak no more, El Fraile fears his fate.

MONTOJO fights as fought the knights by the Cid Campeador;
He leaves his flagship all afire, the *Cuba* takes him o'er;
The *Don Antonio* roars and fumes, the *Austria* lights and lifts;
From Sangley to Manila Mole the battle vapor drifts;
But the *Queen Christine* in one great blast dies as becomes
her name,
Her funeral shroud a pillar of cloud all filigreed with flame.

From peak to peak our quick flags speak, the rattling chorus
ends;
And cheer on cheer rolls over the sea at the word the signal
sends:
From Commodore to powder-boy, from bridge to stoker's den,
No battle rips have found our ships, nor wounds nor death
our men.
We cheer and rest, we rest and cheer; and ever above the tides
The flag that knows no conquering foes in newer glory rides.

Dewey and His Men

When the reek of war is rolled afar by the breezes down the bay
We turn our deadly guns again on the walls of Cavité.
The Spaniard dreamed of victory—his final hope is flown
As winged destruction up and down our batteries have strown—
In horrid havoc, red and black, the storm throbs on amain
Till in the glare of carnage there fade all the flags of Spain.

In old Madrid sad eyes are hid for an empire sore bestead:
Manila's mad with misery, Havana sick with dread,
As the great bells toll each gallant soul Castile shall see no more,
Toll Fraile's rock a thing for sport, toll lost Corregidor—
Spain's fortresses are fluttering with banners blanched and pale;
Her admiralty in agony lies shattered, steam and sail.

And the home we sought was cheaply bought, for no mother,
wife, nor maid
From Maine to Loma Point bewails the lad for whom she
prayed;
Now everywhere, from Florida to the blue Vancouver Straits,
The flag we've flown abroad is thrown, and a word of cheer
awaits.

The ships and men that never failed the Nation from her birth
Have done again all ships and men may do upon this earth.

Glistening high in the noontide sky the starry banners soar
To crown anew the height so soon uncrowned, Corregidor.
They bring the promise of the free to Philip's jewelled isles,
And hearts oppressed thrill hard with hope whene'er that
promise smiles;

For the spirit of *Old Ironsides* broods o'er that tropic day
And the wildfire lights as DEWEY fights on the broad Manila
Bay.

The Men of the Merrimac

(June 3, 1898)

Hail to HOBSON! Hail to HOBSON! Hail to all the valiant set!
CLAUSEN, KELLY, DEIGNAN, PHILLIPS, MURPHY, MONTAGU,
CHARETTE!

Howsoever we laud and laurel, we shall be their debtors yet!
Shame upon us, shame upon us, should the Nation e'er forget!

Though the tale be worn with telling, let the daring deed be
sung!

Surely never brighter valor since this wheeling world was
young

Thrilled men's souls to more than wonder, till praise leaped
from every tongue.

Trapped at last the Spanish sea-fox in the hill-locked harbor
lay;

Spake the Admiral from his flagship, rocking off the hidden
bay:

We must close yon open portal lest he slip by night away!

Volunteers! the signal lifted; rippling through the fleet it ran;
Was there ever deadlier venture? Was there ever bolder plan?
Yet the gallant sailors answered, answered well-nigh to a man!

Ere the dawn's first rose-flush kindled, swiftly sped the chosen
eight

Toward the batteries grimly frowning o'er the harbor's narrow
gate.

Sooth, he holds his life but lightly who thus gives the dare to
Fate!

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The Men of the Merrimac

They had passed the outer portal where the guns grinned, tier
o'er tier,

When portentous Morro thundered, and Socapa echoed clear,
And Estrella joined a chorus pandemoniac to hear.

Heroes without hands to waver, heroes without hearts to quail,
There they sank the bulky collier 'mid the hurtling Spanish hail;
Long shall float our starry banner if such lads beneath it sail!

Hail to HOBSON! Hail to HOBSON! Hail to all the valiant set!
CLAUSEN, KELLY, DEIGNAN, PHILLIPS, MURPHY, MONTAGU,
CHARETTE!

Howsoe'er we laud and laurel, we shall be their debtors yet!
Shame upon us, shame upon us, should the Nation e'er forget!

Private Blair of the Regulars

(July 1, 1898)

It was Private BLAIR, of the regulars, before dread El Caney,
Who felt with every throb of his wound the life-tide ebb away;
And as he dwelt in a fevered dream on the home of his youth-
ful years,
He heard near by the moan and sigh of two of the volunteers.

He raised him up and gazed at them, and likely lads they were,
But when he bade them pluck up heart he found they could not
stir.

Then a bullet ploughed the sodden loam, and his fearless face
grew dark,
For he saw through the blur a sharpshooter who made the
twain his mark.

And his strength leaped into his limbs again, and his fading eye
burned bright;
And he gripped his gun with a steady hand and glanced along
the sight;
Then another voice in that choir of fire outspoke with a deadly
stress,
And in the trench at El Caney there lurked a Spaniard less.

But still the moans of the volunteers went up through the
murky air,
And there kindled the light of a noble thought in the brain of
Private BLAIR.

Private Blair of the Regulars

The flask at his side, he had drained it dry in the blistering
scorch and shine,
So, unappalled, he crept and crawled in the face of the firing
line.

The whirring bullets sped o'erhead, and the great shells burst
with a roar,
And the shrapnel tore the ground around like the tusks of the
grisly boar;
But on he went, with his high intent, till he covered the space
between,
And came to the place where the Spaniard lay and clutched his
full canteen.

Then he writhed him back o'er the bloody track, while Death
drummed loud in his ears,
And pressed the draught he would fain have quaffed to the lips
of the volunteers.

Drink! cried he; *don't think of me, for I 'm only a regular.*
While you have homes in the mother-land where your waiting
loved ones are.

Then his soul was sped to the peace of the dead. All praise to
the men who dare,
And honor be from sea to sea to the deed of Private BLAIR!

Wheeler's Brigade at Santiago

(July 1, 1898)

Beneath the blistering tropical sun
The column is standing ready,
Awaiting the fateful command of one
Whose word will ring out
To an answering shout
To prove it alert and steady.
And a stirring chorus all of them sung
With singleness of endeavor,
Though some to *The Bonny Blue Flag* had swung
And some to *The Union For Ever*.

The order came sharp through the desperate air
And the long ranks rose to follow,
Till their dancing banners shone more fair
Than the brightest ray
Of the Cuban day
On the hill and jungled hollow;
And to *Maryland* some in the days gone by
Had fought through the combat's rumble,
And some for *Freedom's Battle-Cry*
Had seen the broad earth crumble.

Full many a widow weeps in the night
Who had been a man's wife in the morning;
For the banners we loved we bore to the height
Where the enemy stood
As a hero should,
His valor his country adorning;

Wheeler's Brigade at Santiago

But drops of pride with your tears of grief,
Ye American women, mix ye!
For the North and South, with a Southron chief,
Kept time to the tune of *Dixie*.

Battle Song of the Oregon

(March 19,—July 3, 1898)

The billowy headlands swiftly fly
The crested path I keep,
My ribboned smoke stains many a sky,
My embers dye the deep;
A continent has hardly space—
Mid-ocean little more,
Wherein to trace my eager race
While clang the alarums of war.

*I come, the warship Oregon,
My wake a whitening world,
My cannon shotted, thundering on
With battle-flags unfurled.
My land knows no successful foe—
Behold, to sink or save,
From stoker's flame to gunner's aim
The race that rules the wave!*

A nation's prayers my bulwark are
Though never so wild the sea;
Flow time or tide, come storm or star,
Thrums my machinery.
Lands Spain has lost for ever peer
From every lengthening coast,
Till rings the cheer that proves me near
The flag of Columbia's host.

Battle Song of the Oregon

Defiantly I have held my way
From the vigorous shore where **DRAKE**
Dreamed a New Albion in the day
He left New Spain a-quake;
His shining course retraced, I fight
The self-same foe he fought,
All earth to light with signs of might
Which God our Captain wrought.

Made mad, from Santiago's mouth
Spain's ships-of-battle dart:
My bulk comes broadening from the south,
A hurricane at heart;
Its desperate armories blaze and boom,
Its ardent engines beat;
And fiery doom finds root and bloom
Aboard of the Spanish fleet. . . .

The hundredweight of the *Golden Hind*
With me are ponderous tons,
The ordnance great her deck that lined
Would feed my ravening guns,
Her spacious reach in months and years
I 've shrunk to nights and days;
Yet in my ears are ringing cheers
Sir **FRANK** himself would raise;

For conquereth not mine engines' breath,
Nor sides steel-clad and strong,
Nor bulk, nor rifles red with death—
To Spain, too, these belong;

Battle Song of the Oregon

What made that old Armada break
This newer victory won:
JEHOVAH spake by the sons of DRAKE
At each incessant gun.

*I come, the warship Oregon,
My wake a whitening world,
My cannon shotted, thundering on
With battle-flags unfurled.
My land knows no successful foe—
Behold, to sink or save,
From stoker's flame to gunner's aim
The race that rules the wave!*

The Brooklyn at Santiago

(July 3, 1898)

"Twixt clouded heights Spain hurls to doom
Ships staunch and brave,
Majestic, forth they flash and boom
Upon the wave.

El Morro raises eyes of hate
Far out to sea,
And speeds CERVERA to his fate
With cannonry.

The *Brooklyn* o'er the deep espies
His flame-wreathed side:
She sets her banners on the skies
In fearful pride.

On, to the harbor's mouth of fire,
Fierce for the fray,
She darts, an eagle from his eyre,
Upon her prey.

She meets the brave *Teresa* there—
Sigh, sigh for Spain!—
And beats her clanging armor bare
With glittering rain.

The bold *Viscaya's* lightnings glance
Into the throng
Where loud the bannered *Brooklyn* chants
Her awful song.

The Brooklyn at Santiago

Down swoops, in one tremendous curve,
Our Commodore;
His broadsides roll, the foemen swerve
Toward the shore.

In one great round his *Brooklyn* turns
And, girdling there
This side and that with glory, burns
Spain to despair.

Frightful in onslaught, fraught with fate
Her missiles hiss:
The Spaniard sees, when all too late,
A Nemesis.

The *Oquendo's* diapason swells;
Then, torn and lame,
Her portholes turn to yawning wells,
Geysers of flame.

Yet fierce and fiercer breaks and cries
Our rifles' dread:
The doomed *Teresa* shudders—lies
Stark with her dead.

How true the *Brooklyn's* battery speaks
EULATE knows,
As the *Viscaya* staggers, shrieks
Her horrent woes.

The Brooklyn at Santiago

Sideward she plunges: nevermore
Shall Biscay feel
Her heart throb for the ship that wore
Her name in steel.

The *Oquendo's* ports a moment shone,
As gloomed her knell;
She trembles, bursts—the ship is gone
Headlong to hell.

The fleet *Colon* in lonely flight—
Spain's hope, Spain's fear!—
Sees, and it lends her wings of fright,
SCHLEY's pennant near.

The fleet *Colon* scuds on alone—
GOD, how she runs!—
And ever hears behind her moan
The *Brooklyn's* guns.

Our ruthless cannon o'er the flood
Roar and draw nigh;
Spain's ensign stained with gold and blood,
Falls from on high.

The world she gave the World has passed—
Gone, with her power—
Dead, 'neath the *Brooklyn's* thunder-blast,
In one great hour.

The Brooklyn at Santiago

The bannered *Brooklyn!* gallant crew,
And gallant SCHLEY!
Proud is the flag his sailors flew
Along the sky.

Proud is his country: for each star
Our Union wears,
The fighting *Brooklyn* shows a scar—
So much he dares.

GOD save us war upon the seas;
But, if it slip,
Send such a Chief, with men like these,
On such a ship!

The Destroyer of Destroyers

(July 3, 1898)

From Santiago, spurning the morrow,
Spain's ships come steaming, big with black sorrow:
Over the ocean, first on our roster,
Runs RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, glad on the *Gloucester*.

Boast him, and toast him!
WAINWRIGHT! The *Gloucester*!

Great ships and gaunt ships, steel-clad and sable,
Roll on resplendent, monsters of fable:
Crash all our cannon, quick Maxims rattle.
Red death and ruin rush through the battle;
Red death and dread death
Ravage and rattle.

Speed on Spain's cruisers, towers of thunder:
Calm rides the *Gloucester*, though the waves wonder;
Morro roars at her, enemies looming
On their wakes heave her, vast through the glooming;
Thunders and wonders
Speak from the glooming.

Sped are Spain's cruisers; then 'mid the clangor
Dart her destroyers, lurid with anger;
Shouts RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, quivers the *Gloucester*;
Where the *Furor* goes WAINWRIGHT has crossed her.
Boast him, and toast him!
WAINWRIGHT! The *Gloucester*!

The Destroyer of Destroyers

Wide to the westward *El Furor* flutters:
Hid in bright vapors there WAINWRIGHT mutters;
Under Socapa races the faster,
Smiles at Spain's gunners, laughs at disaster;
 Aiming and flaming
 Faster and faster.

Wide to the westward *El Pluton* plunges;
At her with rapiers now WAINWRIGHT lunges!
Swords of fierce scarlet, blades blue as lightning;
Rapid guns snapping, little guns brightening;
 Four-pounders, six-pounders,
 Lunging like lightning.

Done the destroyers, blazing and bursting:
Berserker WAINWRIGHT rides to their worsting;
Seethe the *Pluton's* sides, soon to exhaust her;
Flames the *Furor's* deck, doomed by the *Gloucester*.
 Boast him, and toast him!
 WAINWRIGHT! The *Gloucester*!

Where the *Pluton* lies lifts the red leven—
Fire-clouds prodigious dash against Heaven;
Where the *Pluton* lay void swells the ocean;
Shattered and sunken, spent her devotion;
 Waves where wet graves were,
 Deep in the ocean.

Shrieking toward Cuba, agonized, broken,
El Furor's hasting, her fate bespoken;

The Destroyer of Destroyers

There in the shallows 'mid the white surges
Her guns, deserted, moan out their dirges;
 Swelling and knelling
Through the white surges.

WAINWRIGHT in mercy does his endeavor:
Some he shall rescue; more rest for ever—
Say a prayer for them, one kindly *Ave*.
Spain weeps her wounded, wails a lost navy;
 Fails them, bewails them,
Says them an *Ave*.

Off Santiago, when from beleaguer
Rushed forth CERVERA, daring and eager,
Who stood Spain's onset? Who met and tossed her?
WAINWRIGHT, the *Maine's* man, glad on the *Gloucester*!
 Boast him, and toast him!
WAINWRIGHT! The *Gloucester*!

Spain's Last Armada

(July 3, 1898)

They fling their flags upon the morn,
Their safety 's held a thing for scorn,
As to the fray the Spaniards on the wings of war are borne;
Their sullen smoke-clouds writhe and reel,
And sullen are their ships of steel,
All ready, cannon, lanyards, from the fighting-tops to keel.

They cast upon the golden air
One glancing, helpless, hopeless prayer
To ask that swift and thorough be the victory falling there;
Then giants with a cheer and sigh
Burst forth to battle and to die
Beneath the walls of Morro on that morning in July.

The *Teresa* heads the haughty train
To bear the Admiral of Spain,
She rushes, hurtling, whitening, like the summer hurricane.
El Morro glowers in his might;
Socapa crimsons with the fight;
The *Oquendo's* blinding lightning blazes through her sombre
night.

In desperate and eager dash
The *Viscaya* hurls her vivid flash,
As wild upon the water her enormous batteries crash.
Like spindrift scuds the fleet *Colon*,
And, on her bubbling wake bestrown,
Lurch, hungry for the slaughter, *El Furor* and *El Pluton*.

Spain's Last Armada

Round Santiago's armored crest,
Serene, in their grey valor dressed,
Our behemoths lie quiet, watching well from south and west.
Their keen eyes spy the harbor-reek,
The signals dance, the signals speak:
Then breaks the blasting riot as our broadsides storm and
shriek.

There, poising on her eagle-wings,
The *Brooklyn* into battle swings;
The wide sea falls and wonders as the titan *Texas* springs;
The *Iowa* in monster-leaps
Goes bellowing above the deeps;
The *Indiana* thunders as her terror onward sweeps.

And, hovering near and hovering low
Until the moment strikes to go,
In gallantry the *Gloucester* swoops down on her double foe:
She volleys—the *Furor* falls lame;
Again—and the *Pluton*'s aflame—
Hurrah! Leon has lost her; gone the twin destroyers' fame!

And louder yet and louder roar
The *Oregon's* artilleries o'er
The clangor and the booming all along the Cuban shore;
She's swift down her valkyr-path,
Her sword sharp for the aftermath,
With leven in her glooming, like JEHOVAH in His Wrath.

Great ensigns snap and shine in air
Above the furious onslaught where
Our sailors cheer the battle, danger but a thing to dare;

Spain's Last Armada

Our gunners speed, as oft they 've sped,
Their hail of shrilling, shattering lead,
Swiftsure our rifles rattle: and the foeman's decks are red.

Like baying bloodhounds lope our ships,
Adrip with fire their cannon's lips;
We scourge the fleeing Spanish, whistling weals from scorpion-whips;
Till, livid in the ghastly glare,
They tremble on in drear despair,
And thoughts of victory vanish in the carnage they must bear.

Where Cuban blossoms gayly bloom,
Where Cuban breakers swirl and boom,
The *Teresa's* onset slackens in a scarlet spray of doom;
Near Nimanima's greening hill
The streaming flames cry down her will,
Her vast hull blows and blackens, prey to every mortal ill.

To Juan Gonzales' foaming strand
The *Oquendo* staggers 'neath our hand,
Her armaments all strangled and her hope a showering brand;
She strikes and grinds upon the reef
And, shuddering there in utter grief,
In misery and mangled, wastes away beside her chief.

The *Viscaya* nevermore shall ride
From out Asseradero's tide,
With hate upon her forehead never shall she pass in pride;
Beneath our fearful battle-spell
She moaned and struggled, flared and fell,
To lie a gleam and horrid while her piling fires swell.

Spain's Last Armada

Thence from the wreck of Spain alone
Tears on the terrified *Colon*,
In bitter anguish crying, like a storm-bird forth she's flown;
Her throbbing engines creak and thrum;
She sees abeam the *Brooklyn* come;
For life she's gasping, flying; for the combat is she dumb.

Till then the man behind the gun
Had wrought whatever must be done:
Here, now, beside our boilers is the fight fought out and won;
Where great machines pulse on and beat,
A-swelter in the humming heat
The Nation's nameless toilers make her mastery complete.

The Cape o' the Cross has cast a stone
Against the course of the *Colon*,
Despairing and inglorious, on the wind her white flag's thrown:
Spain's last Armada, lost and wan,
Lies where Tarquino's stream purls on,
As round the world, victorious, looms the dreadnought *Oregon*.

The sparkling daybeams softly flow
To glint the twilight afterglow,
The Banner sinks in splendor that in battle ne'er was low,
The music of our country's hymn
Rings out like song of seraphim,
Fond memories and tender fill the evening fair and dim;

Spain's Last Armada

Our huge ships ride in majesty
Unchallenged o'er the summer sea,
Above them white stars cluster, mighty emblem of the free;
And all adown the long sea-lane
The fitful balefires wax and wane
To shed their lurid lustre on the empire that was Spain.

Eben Brewer

("Eben Brewer, the first United States Postmaster in Cuba, was a hero and a martyr.")

Hear the story of EBEN BREWER,
Never a braver soul and truer
 In the plunge of the shot and shell!
Never a nobler mercy-doer
 When Santiago fell!

Not against the proud Castilian
Went this citizen-civilian
 With the dreams of a conqueror;
He was simply a man of the million
 Caught in the net of war.

To and fro from grim Baiquiri,
Over the treacherous trail and dreary,
 Bearing news from the mother-land,
Toiled he, gallant and staunch and cheery,
 Lending a lifting hand.

Holding the tropic heat a trifle
Where the troopers strain and stifle,
 In the rush of the forward track,
Out of the range of the deadly rifle
 Bore he the wounded back.

Then, while the weary soldiers slumbered,
He, where the crowding cots were cumbered,
 Ceaseless followed his high behest;

Eben Brewer

And through the days and the nights he numbered
Never an hour of rest.

Is it strange that the mortal reaver
Swiftly swept him—the fatal fever—
Out of his self-forgetful part?
To the breast of the GREAT RECEIVER
Hastened his hero heart.

Such as he, with no thought of booty,
Draining the stirrup-cup of duty,
Though the dregs be as bitter gall,
Halo their lives with a veil of beauty:
Let us honor them all!

The Signal-Man of Paco-Town

(February 5, 1899) •

In Paco-town and in Paco tower,
At the height of the tropic noon-day hour,
Some Tagal riflemen, half a score,
Watched the length of the highway o'er,
And when to the front the troopers spurred,
Whis-s! whis-s! how the Mausers whirled!

From opposite walls, through crevice and crack,
Volley on volley went ringing back,
Where a band of regulars tried to drive
The stinging Tagals out of their hive;
Wait till our cannon come, and then,
Cried a captain, striding among his men,
We 'll settle that bothersome buzz and drone
With a merry little tune of our own!

The sweltering breezes seemed to swoon,
And down the *calle* the thickening flames
Licked the roofs in the tropic noon.
Then through the crackle and glare and heat,
And the smoke and the answering acclaims
Of the rifles, far up the village street
Was heard the clatter of horses' feet,
And a band of signal-men swung in sight
Hasting back from the ebbing fight
That had swept away to the left and right.

The Signal-Man of Paco-Town

Ride! yelled the regulars, all aghast;
And over the heads of the signal-men,
As they whirled in a desperate gallop past,
The bullets a vicious music made,
Like the whistle and whine of the midnight blast
On the weltering waste of the ocean when
The breast of the deep is scourged and flayed.

It chanced in the line of the fiercest fire
A Tagal bullet had clipped the wire
That led from the front and the fighting down
To those who stayed in Manila-town;
This gap arrested the watchful eye
Of one of the signal-men galloping by,
And straightway out of the plunge and press
He reined his horse with a swift caress
And a word in the ear of the rushing steed;
Then back with never a halt nor heed
Of the swarming bullets he rode, his goal
The parted wire and the slender pole
That stood where the deadly tower looked down
On the rack and ruin of Paco-town.

Out of his saddle he sprang, as gay
As a school-boy taking a holiday;
Wire in hand, up the pole he went,
With not a glance at the tower, intent
Only on that which he saw appear
As the line of his duty plain and clear.
To the very crest he climbed, and there,
While the bullets buzzed in the scorching air,

The Signal-Man of Paco-Town

Clipped his clothing, and scored and stung
The slender pole-top to which he clung,
Made the wire that was severed sound,
Slipped in his careless way to the ground,
Sprang to the back of his horse, and then
Was off, this bravest of signal-men.

Cheers for the hero! While such as he,
Thoughtless alike of wounds and scars,
Fight for the dear old Stripes and Stars,
Down through the years to us shall be
Ever and ever the victory!

The Deed of Lieutenant Miles

(February 5, 1899)

When you speak of dauntless deeds,
When you tell of stirring scenes,
Tell this story of the isles
Where the endless summer smiles,—
Tell of young Lieutenant MILES
In the far-off Philippines!

'T was the Santa Ana fight!—
All along the Tagal line
From the thickets dense and dire
Gushed the fountains of their fire;
You could mark their rifles' ire,
You could hear their bullets whine.

Little wonder there was pause!
Some were wounded, some were dead;
Call Lieutenant MILES! He came,
In his eyes a fearless flame.
Yonder block-house is our aim!
The battalion leader said.

You must take it—how you will;
You must break this damnd spell!
Volunteers! cried MILES. 'T was vain,
For that narrow tropic lane
'Twixt the bamboo and the cane
Was a very lane of hell.

The Deed of Lieutenant Miles

There were five stood forth at last;
God above, but they were men!
Come! exultantly he saith!—
Did they falter? Not a breath!
Down the path of hurtling death
The Lieutenant led them then.

Two have fallen—now a third!
Forward dash the other three;
In the onrush of that race
Ne'er a swerve nor stay of pace.
And the Tagals—dare they face
Such a desperate company?

Panic gripped them by the throat,—
Every Tagal rifleman;
And as though they seemed to see
In those charging foemen three
An avenging destiny,
Fierce and fast and far they ran.

So a salvo for the six!
So a round of ringing cheers!
Heroes of the distant isles
Where the endless summer smiles,—
Gallant young Lieutenant **MILES**
And his valiant volunteers!

Sergeant Jones of Tennessee

*Sergeant JONES of Tennessee,
Hail to heroes such as he!*

North through Luzon LAWTON swept,
And harried the Tagals fast and far,
Until by night, if their pickets slept,
They would rouse from dreams in a shake of fear,
Thinking their tireless foe was near
To smite by the light of the tropic star.

North through Luzon LAWTON swept,
(The bravest of all the brave was he!)
And with his column that never crept,
Was one whose spirit to his was twinned;
Danger? he laughed it down the wind!
Sergeant JONES of Tennessee!

Fronting the Filipino line
One morn as the resting soldiers lay,
Hearing the Mausers whirr and whine,
He saw the folds of a battle-flag
In the sultry south wind rise and sag
Beyond where a river wound its way.

What did the daring sergeant do?
Tightened his trooper's belt by a hole,
Slipped from the shelter of thick bamboo,
Swam the ooze of the sluggish stream,
With its rows of bayonet-reeds agleam,
And forward over the rice-fields stole.

Sergeant Jones of Tennessee

Over the rice-fields stole, and then
Leaped at the banner and clutched it fast
In the very face of the riflemen;
And ere they rallied from palsied dread
Back with the captured flag he sped
With never a look behind him cast.

Around him, like invisible bees,
The bullets buzzed in a deadly band
From the rifles of his enemies;
They ploughed the ground behind, before,
But he reached the dip of the river shore
Unscathed, the banner within his hand.

Oh, what a cheering, rank on rank,
Down the length of the line there ran,
Greeted him as he climbed the bank!
Swelled about him and surged,—and we
Fling it back to him over the sea,
Valiant-hearted American!

Colonel Liscum of the Ninth

(Tien Tsin, July, 1900)

Colonel LISCUM of the Ninth, yours the same brave blood that
won,
Ere the pearly break of dawn, bastioned old Fort Carillon;
Son of that staunch fighting line of the boys of Bennington!

Colonel LISCUM of the Ninth, yours the valor without fleck,
Such as theirs who stormed thy heights, rock-enthroned Cha-
pultepec!
You knew Bull Run's gory dew, Cedar Mountain's roar and
wreck!

Colonel LISCUM of the Ninth, when the whizzing Mausers bore
From the hill of San Juan such a sanguinary store,
On that cruel Cuban slope, you and yours were to the fore!

Colonel LISCUM of the Ninth, take a Nation's sad farewells!
You have journeyed to the bourne where the valiant LAWTON
dwells;
Yours the soldier's battle-crown; yours the hero's immortelles!

Colonel LISCUM of the Ninth, long your dying words shall
ring—
Don't retreat, boys!—in our ears as the years go hastening.
Ah, the pity of it all, th' irremediable sting!

The American Fireman

(To Denis J. Swenie.)

A clangor and clatter of galloping hoofs with their music of
granite and steel—

A warning of gongs resounding along from beetling block
to block—

And out of the dark with many a spark great engines rush and
reel,

The wagons with hose, the ladders and hooks, and ever the
sudden shock

That the shout of *Fire!* thrills into the night,

That the burning pine and the eddying light

Bring home to the heart to make it leap, to the feet to make
them race

Wherever the cries and the clamors arise and the people press
on apace.

Enveloping every darkling height which the storeyed canyons
lift,

Lit fitfully from the cauldron beneath, the billowing vapors
swirl;

On the shrinking crowd with a jangling loud the hose-carts
sway and swift,

At the corners let fall their lengthening bands and on to the
burning whirl;

But the engines end their fiery trail

With the hose made fast and an answering wail

As the helmeted Chief in shadowy white through the glooming
trumpets, *Play!*

And the pipemen grip at the golden lip where the gushing
waters spray.

The American Fireman

On pillars of smoke from the windows a-row huge flashes
shimmer and sweep

To redden the faces of men in the street and the face of the
clouds in the sky.

There 's a clashing of glass, and the lanterned men pass, as
the arrowy fountains leap,

And hoarsening, echoing noises go up where the cornices
smoulder on high;

While over the din with a pulsing hum

The thunder and purr of the engines come,

And the meteors rise from their quivering throats to fall by
their vibrant frames,

Till the murkiest gleam turns pallid with steam as their showers
drown the flames.

On the roofs around in the tremulous light there are dusky
shapes discerned;

There are those who haul great ribands of pipe aloft by the
sheerest strength;

There are glimpsing forms in the midst of storms by flickering
fire-gusts burned;

There are mighty ladders alive with men uplifting their
fathoms of length;

And by them all and over them all

Is the staunch old Chief with his cheer and call,

With a wit that makes this machine of men and engines a
throbbing whole,

With a quick resource and an undrained force that give it a
living soul.

The American Fireman

All this the gathering people below can see through the glimmer afar;

They shout aloud at each bursting flame and cheer as it were at a game;

They sigh for the black of the night brought back; nor think of the desperate war,

Of the maddening toil, and the reek to breathe, and the garments of shuddering flame.

For if ever they reckoned the direful harm

And the seething fate and the long alarm

That the fireman fends from all they love by his duty simply done,

No warrior red with the blood he has shed had half such a guerdon won.

War and April

(April 19, 1775, April 26, 1846, April 12, 1861, April 22, 1898)

Dear April with delicious treasure
Her emerald chalice brims;
Soft zephyrs in their murmurous measure
Waft on the robins' hymns,
The bubbling note of water-folk, and flowing
Æolian notes from tender leaflets growing.

All earth's a-thrill with tranquil blisses
Of happy living things,
Rich meadows sheen with fruitful kisses,
Warm dews the evening brings,
Caresses from delighted dainty fingers
On bursting buds where wilding perfume lingers.

Then crash the drums within the city!
The bright world halts and fears:
A sound beyond all human pity
The startled country hears!
Great clouds o'erflow the fields with purpling billows,
And lonely April wails among the willows.

Each swelling brook the maid is moaning—
Her of the breaking heart;
Blushing she came for Love's enthroning
With loveliness a-start:
Now quite unseen within her leafy laces
Lie all her virginal and pleasant places.

War and April

Black hate ensues, nor love nor beauty:
War hews his way to fame,
Hears but the rattling call to duty,
Sees but the leaping flame;
Such blessing as hath death is in his keeping;
For April—woman's weary part of weeping;

For April—steel, and trampled blossoms,
The scorch of battle-breath,
Fond hearts convulsed and heaving bosoms
In parting and in death,
The rain of shell, swift lightnings, cannon booming—
Yet, last—pray God!—the flowers of Freedom blooming.

A Vision of Peace

Fitly one dies for his country, sweet is the death she bestows;
Glad is the red field of battle, gayly the bright trumpet blows;
Forth as a bride to her bridegroom Death to the warrior goes.

Bitter the long life of duty, seeking nor laurel nor bay,
Striving with foes of the Nation grasping her honor as prey,
Glanced at askance by his fellows, walking the long, narrow
way.

Gallant the charge and the onslaught, cheering together to go;
Silent and lonely the warfare 'gainst an insidious foe:
Glory and death are the soldier's; hatred and life others know.

Fighting AMERICA'S battles whether by land or by sea,
Who could be less than a hero under that flag of the Free?
Read of, and cherish, and love them—such are the men all
would be.

Treason is death in the army, death 's for the enemy's spy:
Think you no ANDRÉ nor ARNOLD dwells within sight of your
eye?
Perfidy to great ideals, that must you strike till you die!

Vigilance, ceaseless, eternal, ever was Liberty's price:
If you are slaves, 't was your fathers left you to slavish device;
Would you make slaves of your children? Sleep for a time—
't will suffice.

A Vision of Peace

Truth is the right of your country: Lie, and she lies to your
grief;
Honor, and that is your country's: Bribe, and you bribe her
as lief;
Honesty, that is your country's: Thieve, and she, too, is a
thief.

Too much the world thinks on DIVES: Harken to LAZARUS,
too,—
All of his sores are his country's: Heal them if you would be
true—
Heal them, or share an infection you and your children must
rue.

Never was minted a dollar equal in worth to a tear,
Never success worth the having gained through another soul's
fear:
Smiles mark the highway to triumph when a man's title is clear.

Still at the eye of the needle Selfishness struggles his fill.
No man may serve GOD and Mammon: Love—Love alone—
is GOD's will.
Scourged were the changers of money—Greed stands the root
of all ill.

No end can justify evil: Piety, Culture, and State
Stand as accursèd forever, else on JEHOVAH must wait:
Think you for "civilization" GOD will His Justice abate?

Dear is the thought of the Nation; dearer is Freedom to me;
Dearest of all through the ages, Truth, that alone makes us
free:
Verity, Liberty, Country, grant us their union to see!

A Vision of Peace

Plant high the Cross on the hilltop, thither in humbleness
strive!

Offer no children to Mammon—luxury lets no man thrive;
Feed not our bravest to Moloch—must the unfittest survive?

Ever is war deed for savage, born of the ancestral taint.
Slay? So do beasts that shall perish: Where is Man's god-
like restraint?

Leave them their teeth and their talons; leave him the fight of
the Saint!

Brave are the victors in combat; brave were the conquered
as well.

Valor sits close by the dying; valor the living, too, spell.
Courage far finer than carnage Peace, serene, smiling, can tell.

Beaten our swords into ploughshares, fortresses turned into
schools,

Cavalry tilling the prairie, infantry busy with tools,
Navies deep laden with bounty—thus fair AMERICA rules:

Throughout the breadth of the Union Happiness all the day
long,

Ever a Hope for the nations, everywhere music and song,
Always our Stars the World's Conscience, Stripes against
tyrants and Wrong.

Day of Good Will, speed your coming! Justice and Mercy,
increase!

Love for the loveless, grow mighty! Hate for the hatefullest,
cease!

So shall Man win his last battle, led by the CHRIST Who is
Peace.

Ad Patriam

To deities of gauds and gold,
Land of our Fathers, do not bow!
But unto those beloved of old
Bend thou the brow!

Austere they were of front and form;
Rigid as iron in their aim;
Yet in them pulsed a blood as warm
And pure as flame;—

Honor, whose foster-child is Truth;
Unselfishness in place and plan;
Justice, with melting heart of ruth;
And Faith in man.

Give these our worship; then no fears
Of future foes need fright thy soul;
Triumphant thou shalt mount the years
Toward thy high goall

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